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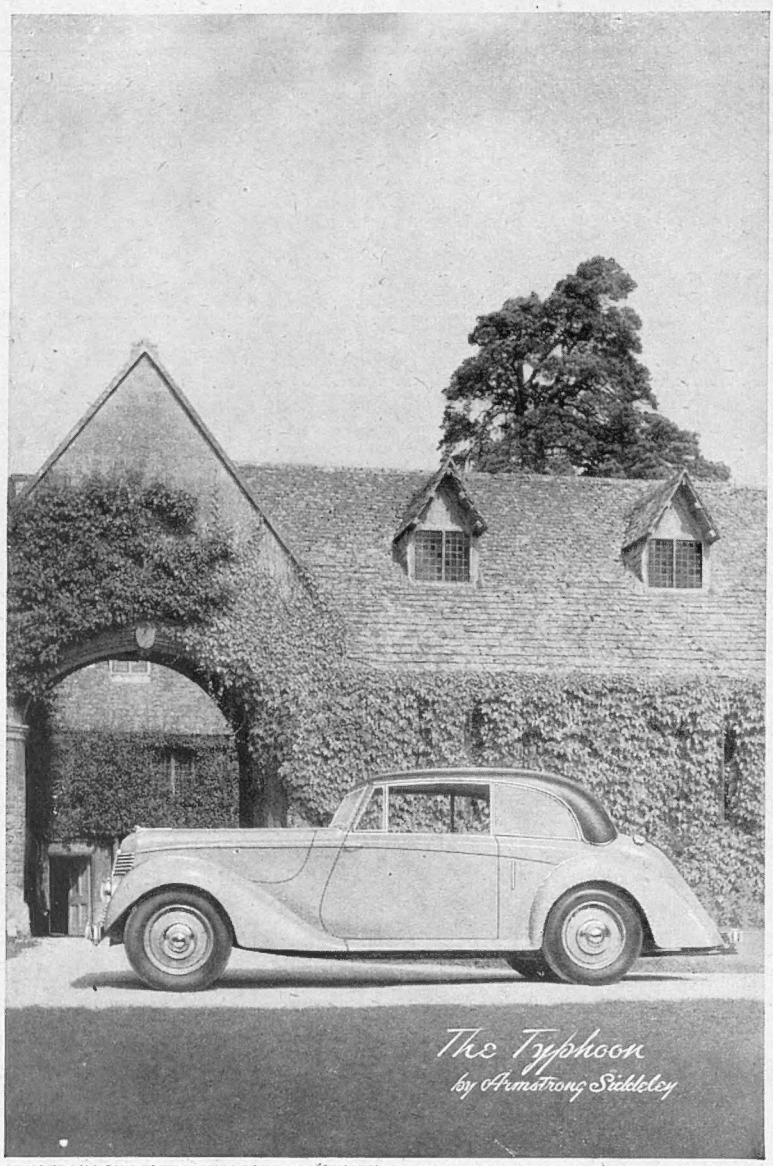

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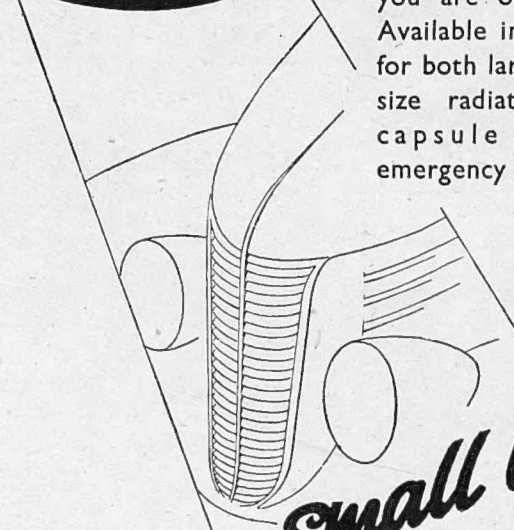

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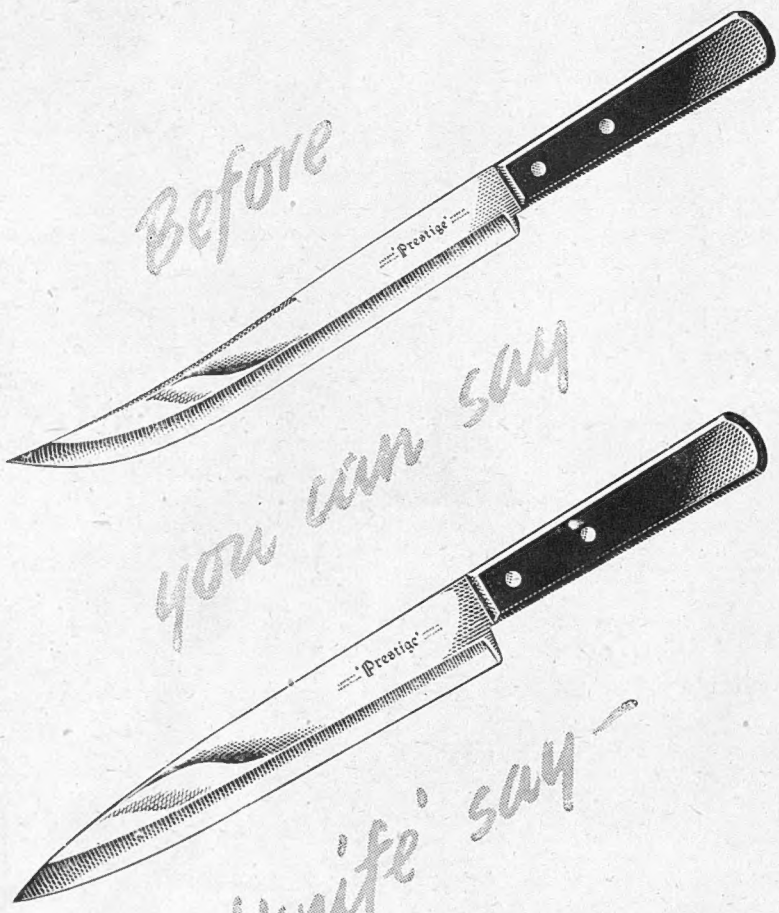

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Volume CXCII No. 2506 The SPHERE, London, February 14, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

A PLANE HITS A CHIMNEY, A LONDON TROLLEY-BUS, AND A FACTORY—THE DISASTER IN WHICH AN R.A.F. ANSON, OUTWARD BOUND FROM HENDON AERODROME, CRASHED IN BURNT OAK MARKET, EDGWARE ROAD: The pilot, Wing-Commander Rolfe, died as he was removed from the wreckage, and the casualties included the driver and conductor of an Edgware-to-Paddington trolley-bus. The Anson lay upside down with its tail embedded in the roof of a car

Last Monday, a few moments before the lunch-hour rush, an R.A.F. Anson hit the chimney of a block of flats in Edgware Road, Burnt Oak, just after taking off from Hendon. Then it hit a trolley-bus standard, demolished the front of a trolley-bus travelling towards London, and crashed into the wall of the Romac Factory, the main part of the engine being thrown 20 yards. The two occupants of the plane were both killed, and several people who were trapped in the bus suffered injury. The trolley-bus had the whole of the front of its upper deck smashed in.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Exhortation.—In July 1946 the U.S. granted us dollar credit of £937,000,000 to "tide us over for four years." To-day (after 1½ years) we have blued all but £25,000,000, representing next month's (and the last) dole. By mid-March, therefore, we shall have nothing from America to meet our dollar requirements. We may try another recourse to the International Monetary Fund or sell another lump of our fast-vanishing gold reserves. In short, we are practically on our uppers until the Marshall Plan gives us another lease of life. But that at the earliest cannot be before April and looks like coming later. We are as near as that to being counted out. And still the nation refuses to realise it. Still the Government relies on exhortation, still the motor coaches carry their thousands of fans to the cup-ties. Mr. Attlee in his broadcast was mild and crystal clear. His White Paper is a model for discussion. Some members of his Cabinet speak, off or on the record, of severer measures in the next Budget for the control of wages and income. But now it's a matter of *hours*, not months or years. It is reasonable to ask if exhortation is still a strong enough card, with the last bridge tottering and the width of the chasm measured. Yet who so ready to jump on direction, planning, forceful or desperate measures as the Opposition? Who wants a capital levy or a 15s. income tax? "The country is sound at heart, we are a grand race, disciplined and full of common sense"—politicians of every colour declare it on every platform. If we *have* a fault, it is hardness of hearing. Long deafened by the noises of war and the propaganda of war and party politics, our ears have grown deaf to gentle warnings and can only take in explosions and shrieks and sirens. If all the money spent since 1945 by Government agencies on pudding recipes and advice and guidance on all subjects, in the Press and through the post, had been concentrated on screaming out warnings of the frightful danger which threatened us already two years ago and has now arrived, we might have heard, realised and amended our ways. But I doubt it. Democracy and danger are ill post-war bedfellows. Most of us are still hankering after that "good time" which was to compensate us for our war sufferings and heroic labours. "Britain always muddles through" is still our easy slogan.

A Foot in Both Worlds.—Many people are working hard and overtime and nearly all employables are employed in some sort. But still, mentally and physically, we are two nations, or a nation with a foot in two worlds. We face starvation, but barons are still being promoted to viscountcies; we face mass-unemployment, but cup-ties are still sacraments; our existence as a nation is threatened, but in the democratic way we continue to explore avenues and to set up Commissions of Inquiry. None works harder than Sir Stafford, painting his frightful pictures. But we are inclined to treat him as Ballantrae treated the pirate chief, Teach, aboard the lugger: "Do you think to frighten us with making faces?" We do not mean to suffer at Execution Dock. We scan the horizon for a nice, comfortable merchant vessel, sailing out from Boston, or other spoils from the sea. For so many of our crew are still employed in rolling out the rum, practising for the ship's orchestra, looking after the circuses, and ever since 1945 Mr. Attlee and his men have hesitated to dock the rum-ration and ban the junketing. So it is that in 1948 we are not as frightened as we certainly ought to be, nor as near conversion as we might have been if the song in Dalton's heart had been soft-pedalled and if everything essential had been done a year earlier and everything unessential had been deferred till we rounded the corner. No, we are not solely to blame for our lack of realism.

Wages Policy.—Mr. Truman envies our wages policy as the desirable means of checking his hideous spiral of rising prices and wages, at the end of which lies national bankruptcy, here and in Golconda, U.S.A. But policy is not practice. Mr. Attlee has rough ground ahead. As usual, he is two years late. The T.U.C. broadly endorse the ideal but produce a number of loose ends to be tucked in to the tapestry. If 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 more workers are well forward (and hard set) with claims for increased wages, and are not prepared to postpone them, the apple-cart already tottering may be doomed to the ditch. If the T.U.C. were Stalin, the situation might be retrieved, but "democracy" or "go-as-you-please" or "each-for-himself" is very much alive in the councils of the workers. And always there are the favoured exceptions which stimulate obstinacy among those not favoured. The White Paper certainly calls for elucidation and perhaps the Commons debate will clarify the issue. But even a White Paper clarified or a Premier's simply-worded broadcast is not *Q.E.F.* but *Q.E.D.* Policy and practice, promise and performance, are worlds apart in post-war democracies. Still, here is a tardy idea for promoting "economic health" viewed and perhaps worth chasing in the avenue of exploration. It is as if the sun stood still to watch the Gadarene rush to the cliff-edge.

The Issue in the Lords.—The Government's views and intentions were extracted from Lord Addison painfully and piecemeal, but in a spirit of co-operation and restraint on all sides. None would be wrong to retain his view that, left to themselves, the Socialist Government would have preferred to get *their* Bill through and leave the Lords to rot. But they were not left to themselves. They were badgered, and they clearly saw that the general public *was* interested at last and was determined to have this long-lukewarm issue *settled*. So it was that, bit by bit, the Government gave reluctant ground. The Primate's compromise suggestion was to pass the second reading and so to gain time to estimate the Government's sincerity, and to keep rejection on the third reading up the sleeve. Lord Salisbury, however, found a formula affording still more time for reflection and discussion, involving the withdrawing of his amendment and adjournment of the debate on the Bill. What emerges abundantly clear from a foggy debate on a portmanteau of conflicting issues, mutually irrelevant, is that there is all-Party agreement that an hereditary second Chamber is no longer tolerable in any form recognisable with the past, and that no party or clique worth consideration expects that the reconstituted Chamber shall have powers or *time* to do more than to refer back to the confirmation of the electorate any instance of legislation which it judges to be clearly and importantly *ultra vires* of a mandate already given to a Government in power. There is nothing new in an electorate judging its "mandate" exceeded after two or three years, or in wishing to vary or withdraw it; and I am not convinced that its chosen representatives are the first or the best judges of a nation's change of mind—as the present Government believes. The Government's intentions are even now not very clear, although it has accepted Lord Salisbury's compromise, and the avenues to reform of the composition of the Upper House will now be explored without delay by all concerned; and presumably a new Upper House will emerge quite soon.

Rejected Addresses.—No one can fail to be struck by two phenomena in modern diplomacy: (1) the number of protests sent by one Power to another; (2) the equal number of protests rejected. An examination of these exchanges further reveals that where the protesting Power is powerful and the recipient a mere minnow, rejection is not much less certain than *in vice versa*. Why are these futile protests still made? I suppose the idea is to put one's country right with posterity, to leave a record on the files. No other explanation, it seems to me, could justify a great Power in inviting so many and severe snubs. But it is also a feature of an era of "holiday" from world war. A protest unbacked by a sanction was never worth its ink and paper. The old value of a diplomatic protest lay in the promise of a "gunboat" and, if that failed, of a bombardment. But to-day even the nation furnished with atomic bombs is not "ripe" for touching it off (with its known consequences to all civilisation). And so the issue of a protest from a giant to a minnow is about as effective as a butterfly's wing halting a steam-hammer; it is just a device—a rather tiresome, humiliating device—for putting oneself right—on paper. I am not convinced that it is worth doing.

DOWN ON THE ROYAL FARM—THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW PUMPING-STATION ON THE SANDRINGHAM ESTATE: The official opening was carried out by the King, who gave the land for the project. Thousands of acres of Fenland reclaimed from the sea will be protected by the new £11,000 pumping-station, and it was the King's example that brought it about. To increase food production at Sandringham during the war, the King began to reclaim part of Wolverton Marshes, and by 1943 other farmers were persuaded to join a reclamation "pool" which eventually led to 6,000 acres being enclosed, and made fertile for farming. At the opening ceremony the Queen and the Princess tied scarves round their heads for protection from exceptionally gusty winds.

Petrol Ban.—Very slowly public opinion makes its voice heard and forces the Government to yield ground. As with the Upper Chamber issue, so with basic, the Socialists yield inch by inch, with good or not-so-good grace. The process is a little quicker when their own ranks join in the revolt, as in the case of petrol. But still to the last, we observe how the new model of "class distinction" rules the day. The "workers'" circuses must not be touched. The "aristocrats" must be allowed to get to their Cup Finals in petrol-eating buses. The taxi, which is the last means left to the middle and upper classes of breaking out of Crusoe Island, is to be controlled in distance of travel. Still, the ground yielded to public clamour is measurable. A review of the situation is promised by the end of March instead of in June—which was worse than no promise—and I for one shall be surprised if some concession to the motoring public as a whole does not follow the spring review. The Socialists are keen enough to keep their supporters sweet and shrewd enough to gauge the effect of this particular austerity on their votes. And it seems clear that the net saving in dollars is nothing like the estimated minimum. The football charabancs are seeing to that. We are right to hammer on. It is a tiresome, cumbrous and slow process, but it 's all we have. So long as an overwhelming Commons majority interprets the bare majority mandate of 1945 as a blank cheque, so long must the voice in the wilderness scream itself hoarse across the wastes.

If Winter Comes.—The terrible winter of 1947 set in late. It began here on January 18, 1947, and it continued long enough to be remembered as an eternity. Writing at the end of the first week of February 1948, we can congratulate ourselves that we have been spared three weeks of danger. Winter has not come yet, and if it come, spring will not be so far away this year. True, we have had dismal and dark and damp weather—6½ ins. of rain in January, a wet start to February fill-dyke and gales unceasing since my memory runs have lashed our coasts and shattered our crumbling tiles. But very little cold which ill consorts with very little coal. On the contrary, the mildness is a menace and anxiety. Camellias are full out, a month ahead of time. Azaleas look like bursting into bud. I don't know how things are on the farms. Soggy ground with crops far too advanced must be the rule. But the weeks pass and the light is coming back; and though we may expect unpleasantness, we may now with reasonable hope dismiss the probability of another 1947 winter.

THE OLD STAGER

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STUDENT DEMONSTRATORS MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF BAGDAD: Brandishing sticks and other weapons, they protested against the signing of the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty just concluded by Mr. Bevin and the Iraqi Premier, Sayed Saleh Jabr, at Portsmouth. The students protested with such force that twenty-nine people were killed in various clashes in the city, and on January 27 the Regent announced the resignation of the Iraqi Government responsible for the treaty

TWISTING THE LION'S TAIL

Anti-British Demonstrations in Bagdad, Shanghai, and Canton

When Foreign Minister Bevin journeyed down to Portsmouth last month, and in an atmosphere of the utmost cordiality signed a new Anglo-Iraqi Treaty to supersede the treaty of 1930, it was felt that a move had been made to strengthen the foundations of security in the Middle East. The treaty, which embodies the conception of close and effective co-operation between two equal Powers, was met with a storm of protest in Bagdad and almost continuous rioting for several days. Eventually, on January 27, the Regent announced the resignation of the Cabinet to save the country from bloodshed, and the luckless Premier Jabr took to the hills. The new Premier included in his Cabinet Mohammed Kubba, of the Independence Party. As for the student demonstrators, they celebrated by dancing in the streets.

HANDCLAPS FOR THE NEW PREMIER OF IRAQ: Bearded Mohamed El Sadr greeted as he left his office in Bagdad after accepting the premiership. His predecessor, hounded from office by the mob, is said to have returned to the tribal area of Iraq and to have sought the protection of his brother-in-law, the paramount Sheikh Abu

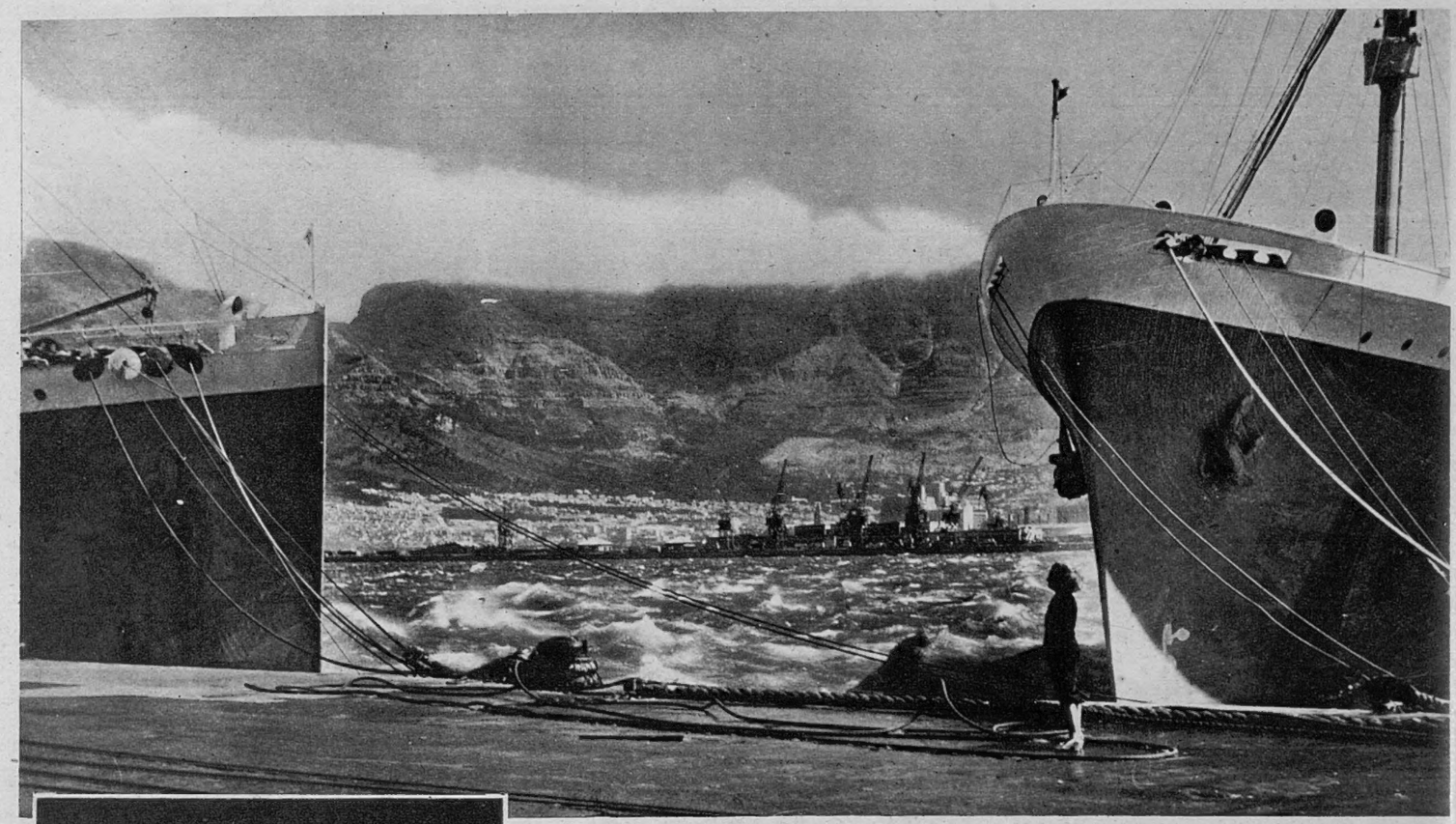
DEMONSTRATIONS IN TWO CHINESE CITIES: Students marching through Shanghai to protest against the British action in evicting squatters in Kowloon, Hong Kong territory, and (*on right*) the British Consulate in Shameen, Canton, which was also set on fire and destroyed in protest

ANTI-BRITISH SLOGANS ARE PLACED ON THE GATE OF THE BRITISH CONSULATE, SHANGHAI: The slogan on the right-hand pillar covers the Royal Arms. It was some time before the demonstrators could be finally dispersed and the slogans removed

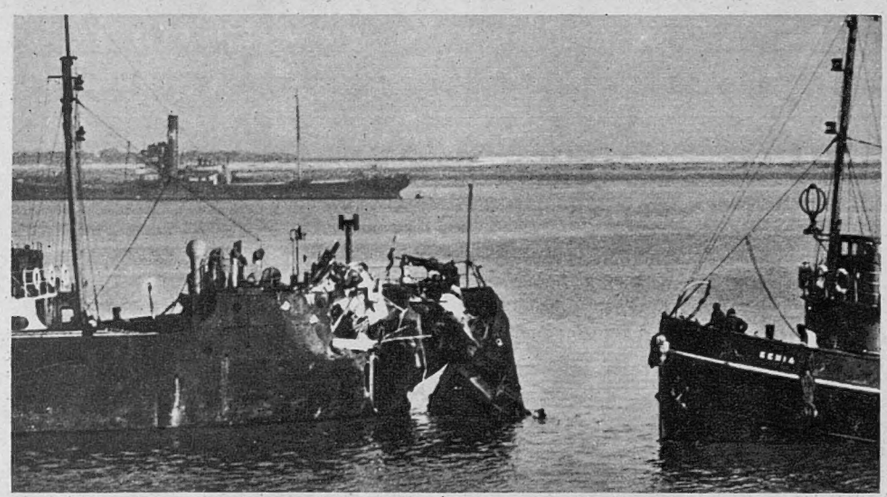
The attack on the British Consulate on Shameen Island, Canton, in the course of which the Consulate was destroyed by fire, and the demonstrations in Shanghai, were the direct outcome of the Hong Kong Government's action in displacing squatters in the city of Kowloon. The squatters had had fair warning and were offered alternative accommodation, but their removal was necessitated for reasons of health. An incident between the squatters and the police became unduly magnified, and with suspicious speed there were repercussions in Canton and Shanghai. It was widely felt that the demonstrations had a political background, possibly Communist.

CAPE TOWN'S GREAT STORM

And Other News Involving Merchant Shipping

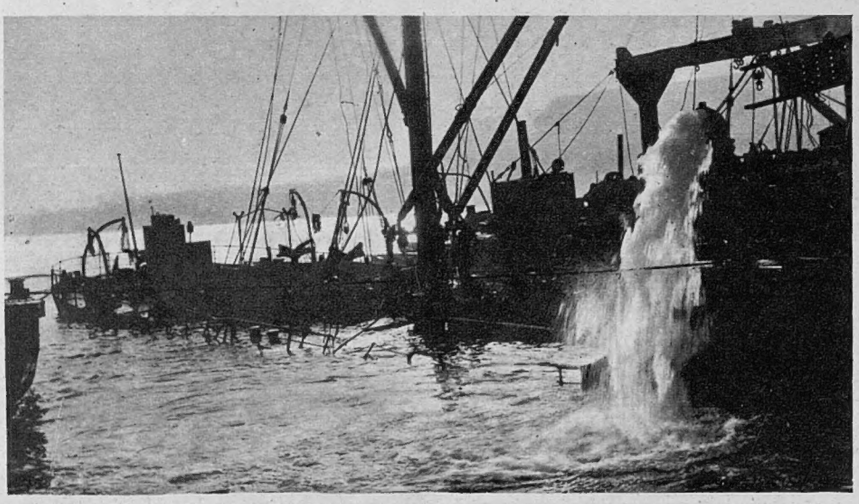


CAPE TOWN IS LASHED BY A SOUTH-EASTERLY GALE : This dramatic picture was taken at the Duncan Dock and shows cloud-capped Table Mountain between the bows of the "Athlone Castle" (right) and the "Winchester Castle" (left). Even in the dock the water was whipped to a fury by the wind, and it was little wonder that the master of the "Athlone Castle" delayed the liner's sailing, despite the fact that her passengers were aboard. Towing the liner in a high wind might have led to disaster

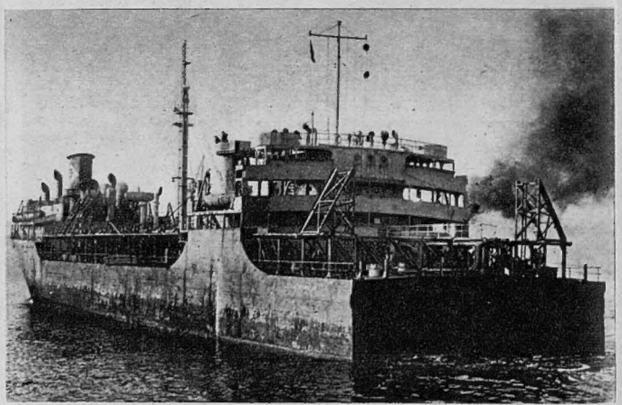


A COLLISION IN THE THAMES OFF ERITH : The collier "Corcrest," of 2,373 tons, lying in the tide-way with buckled stern after coming into collision with the "Freetown," of 5,853 tons. Two members of the crew of the "Corcrest" were reported missing and believed to be drowned. The bows of the "Freetown" went through the "Corcrest's" living quarters

TWICE IN TROUBLE DURING ONE VISIT TO THE RIVER : Gravesend tugs are seen making strenuous efforts to get the cargo ship "Freetown" off the mud after she had been blown ashore off Northfleet Hope. Eventually the *Freetown* got away under her own steam, only to come into collision with the *Corcrest*. The collision occurred in darkness while the *Corcrest*, inward bound, was turning to pick up a buoy off Erith. After the collision the *Freetown* proceeded up-river to the Royal Albert Dock, where it was found that she had received some damage to the plates near the bows. She was homeward bound from Takoradi, Gold Coast, with a general cargo of merchandise



A SPRING TIDE HELPED IN THE RAISING OF THE "SAN NICHOLAS" : Embedded in the mud of the River Tees, near Middlesbrough, since she foundered last November, this Spanish steamer has now been raised with the aid of nature. A spring tide on the ebb assisted the pumping process which freed the hull from the mud of the river-bed. Before the steamer was raised, the lapping water of the river covered the decks. Her skipper, Captain Minacouli, slept in the wheelhouse, which remained a few feet above the river



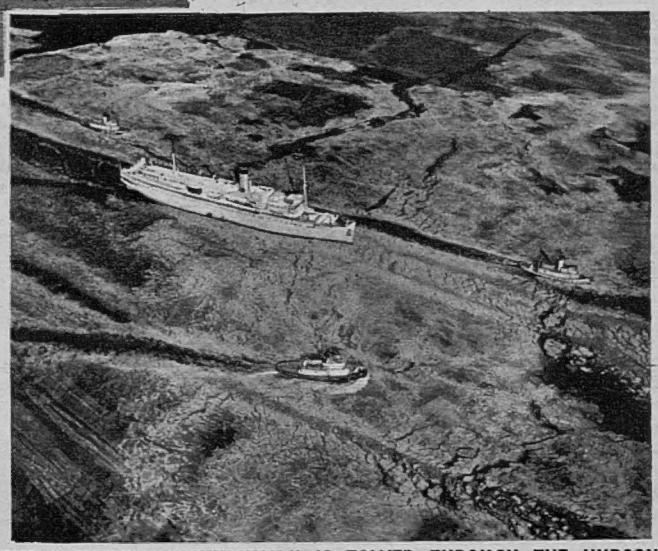
A NEW FORE-END IS BEING BUILT FOR THIS DAMAGED TANKER : The seaworthy portion of the tanker "Afghanistan" recently arrived in the Tyne for repairs which will enable her to rejoin the Mercantile Fleet of Britain. The "half-tanker" was towed from Southampton, and while on the way north grounded on the east coast at a point off Yarmouth, but was successfully refloated. The *Afghanistan's* new fore-end is to be fitted at Palmers' Dock at Hebburn-on-Tyne

AMERICA'S FROZEN LAKES and RIVERS

The Country in Winter's Grip from the Rockies to the Atlantic

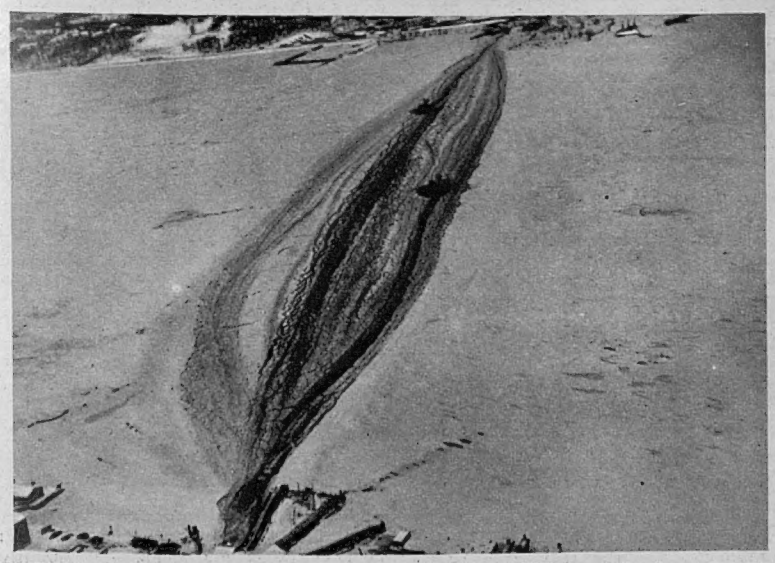
Bitter cold and ice and snow have had most of America in their grip. Only sunlit Miami, and the cities of the deep south, Hollywood and the cities of the Pacific slope have enjoyed their usual sub-tropical weather. California has, indeed, been sweltering in a drought, with over thirty-one rainless days. On the eastern seaboard, airfields and railways, including the Long Island Railroad, which carries 100,000 commuters daily, have been immobilised, and many of the navigable rivers have been closed to traffic. Conditions on the Hudson, which are illustrated on this page, have been particularly bad, and the ice-floes have severely handicapped navigation in the estuary. The freezing of the Hudson is a serious matter, as the river is linked by canal with Lake Erie, Lake Champlain and the Delaware. Birds and animals had a hard time of it, and Long Island gulls and ducks, their sources of food cut off by piled-up ice on the foreshore, were reported to be taking baby trout from the running-water ponds of the New York State fish hatchery. Owing to the Hudson ice-floes the sailing of the *Queen Elizabeth* was delayed twelve hours. Trains coming into Grand Central Station were as much as twelve hours behind schedule.

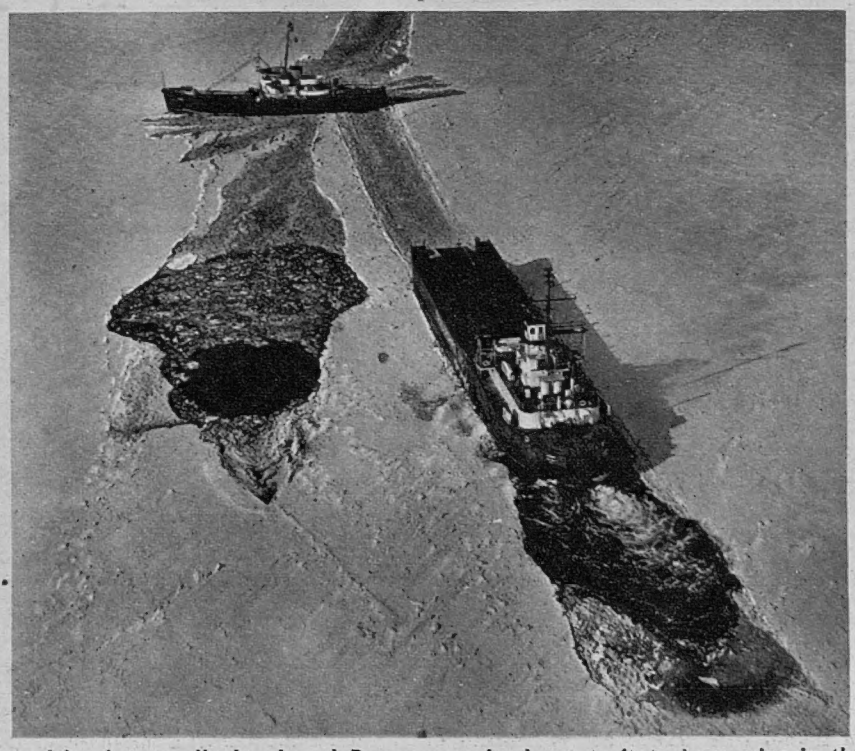
BACKDROP FOR A WINTER BALLET: Ice-encased lake defences make a picturesque spectacle along the sweep of Lake Michigan, near Chicago. Chicago was not by any means the coldest place in America during the great freeze-up, several towns on the eastern seaboard recording over 30 degs. below zero as compared with the 10 degs. below zero in the Lake city. Montpelier, which lies in the centre of a plain in Vermont, recorded 45 degs. below zero



THE "GEORGE WASHINGTON" IS TOWED THROUGH THE HUDSON RIVER ICE: An aerial view of the liner, which is now about to return to active service as a passenger vessel, as tugboats helped to guide her downstream from the Peeksill Yards, where she has been tied up for several months

THE STEAM-DRIVEN TOW-BOAT "KOKODA" CROSSES THE FINISHING-LINE AT ST. LOUIS: The vessel was nearly 200 miles ahead of the Diesel-driven "Helena" in the 1,100-mile race up the Mississippi from New Orleans, but at one time she almost lost her lead, being stuck in the ice 10 miles above Cairo. The race started on January 15, each boat pushing four barges, but at the finish they had to do a shuttle service, operating the barges in pairs and returning for those left behind. This is the first major tow-boat contest on the Mississippi since 1870, and it was almost beaten by the weather





BATTLING TO KEEP OPEN THE FROZEN HUDSON RIVER: *Left*—Ferry steamers plying between Newburgh and Beacon were hard put to it to keep going in the low temperatures, and at any moment it was expected that the ice would gain a complete stranglehold. *Right*—The motor-ship "Albany," carrying some thousands of gallons of kerosene to the fuel-short city of Albany, was caught in the ice of the Hudson near Kingston. The ice-breaker "Gentian" is shown in the background as she prepared to cut a narrow channel for the "Albany," which eventually made her way through to New York State's frozen capital. Farther downstream in New York the Hudson was a mass of floating ice, delaying Atlantic shipping coming in and out of the harbour

THE NEW FRANC AND THE MONNET PLAN

It May Set Going the Great Economist's Scheme for French Recovery

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ARE there really signs of a faint springtide in Europe?

So repeatedly have hopes in that direction been massacred by blows from expected or unexpected quarters that the question is put sotto voce.

Let us see:

The Benelux union in the Low Countries has been firmly launched, and it means more than a new world force with a foreign trade exceeded only by the American and the British; it marks the advent of 18,000,000 people who are heart and soul in favour of genuine peace and union with those around, on a sane give-and-take basis inspired by the dignity of living.

The preliminary moves towards an attempt at Western European Union have been taken: the original Committee into which Mr. Churchill breathed life is to meet at The Hague, and Mr. Attlee's Government has at last been drawn on the subject, although as yet as regards the conception of a Socialist Western Union only.

Never was there greater nonsense than to seek to revolutionise European society on the party system, an extremely rocky one at that. What is precisely heartening is that a growing number abroad and at home are getting thoroughly sick of having their lives ordered by "isms" and "ologies," or by any one section of the community, however noble and sweating.

However, the fillip to Western Europe (and hang what others say, or pretend to see in it!) has in turn improved the chances of a less-laboured accouchement of the Marshall Plan (the power of the dollar versus the power of the lie).

Fourthly, the French seem, so far, to be making a job of their financial surgery. Having lived through several *chutes* and "savings" of the franc, I hedge heavily, beyond suggesting that Lorrainer Schuman appears to have a firmer hold on that volatile coin than anyone since Lorrainer Poincaré.

One effect of the devaluation which has passed almost unnoticed here is that it stands to rescue from its dormant state, and put into much overdue motion, the Monnet Plan of over-all French recovery. This ambitious scheme was shown, last summer, to have the backing of all classes and factions, including the Communists up to a point. But it has remained hamstrung owing to the crazy financial and economic situation of the country.

Presently this deadweight may cease to operate to anything like the same extent. The Americans were in favour of the devaluation, while it is an axiom in the United States that French recovery must be the corner-stone of wider Continental cure. The French have good grounds, therefore, for expecting that sufficient confidence and encouragement will emanate from Washington to cause a goodly flow of dollar investments in favour of their national recovery Plan; the more so in that an expected avalanche of American visitors to France, profiting by the revalued dollar, will be able to see for themselves how industriously the French go about things.

We are so sick of plans, many of us, that it behoves to say straight out that this isn't a Plan devised by a professional politician with his hair in the clouds and the main intention of disturbing as much as possible of what has been, and of interfering on a like scale with the individual conduct of life. Monnet mixes an apéritif of public and private endeavour—as who shouldn't, who ever hoped to get away with things, in the long run, in France? In fact, it is better to introduce the Man before his Plan. Such personal approach giving confidence.

Jean Monnet is sixty-five and was born into brandy; that is to say, his family is the cognac firm of J. G. Monnet et Cie. As a young man he voyaged for the firm in Britain and the United States, as a glorified commercial traveller. But even in those years when life was *encore douce*, no matter what Talleyrand had to say about it, in those years of Loubet and Faillères, the young man's thoughts often turned from cognac to questions of international administration; so it was not surprising that Monnet should gravitate to that side of things when war came in 1914. He served on the Inter-Allied Maritime Commission.

In the '20's Monnet rose to be Deputy Secretary-General of the League of Nations, and one often knew him there, a calm, internationally-minded Frenchman, patient and insistent, opposed to the clever mental fireworks of the lobby, following up longer schemes instead.

In the '30's, another change. Monnet became something of a free-lance, devoting part of his time to his brandy firm, and part of it in the guise of travelling specialist to insolvent Governments. He had a shot at Poland, Austria, and Rumania before stretching his wings to China, and that chapter closed with his being dispatched to Washington, after Munich, by a panicky Paris Government intent on covering the sky with wings.

During the phoney war Monnet was in charge of a Franco-British Economic Co-ordinating Committee sitting in London, one of whose main jobs was the purchase of war materials in the United States. No one could more naturally bridge the three countries; in fact, enemies have called Monnet "*un Anglo-Saxon*" (read "Anglo-American") for the closeness of sympathy and understanding he has of these two wayward tribes. It came well out after the débâcle, when Monnet declined to accept De Gaulle and went into the British service instead!

Off went Monnet, back to Washington, this time to see that the outstanding French contracts were safely transferred to beleaguered Britain. In the next two years he sat on many inter-Allied committees in Washington, always as a British representative. His seeming statelessness mattered not, so well was he liked and respected for his ordered, corridor brain, ready for all apt turnings yet refusing to take one just for the sake of the bright idea.

Then to Giraud's side in North Africa, representing the Inter-Allied Munitions Commission.

Came De Gaulle. Say what you will about Charlie, but he is an officer and a gentleman. He might have done almost anything with the man who had not only turned him down in London, but had committed that enormity in De Gaulle's eyes: gone under a flag other than the Tricolor. The General roundabouted Monnet to Washington, there to "sell" French reconstruction — and that's where we come up with to-day.

December 1945 saw the inception of the Plan, and again it was De Gaulle who set things in motion by installing Monnet in Paris as "Chief Planner for Modernisation and Equipment." Throughout 1946 and into 1947 Monnet presided over a staff, or company, composed of 1,000 Civil Servants, trade union officials, business men, farmers, and experts, and if the French public talked of food and the *Système D dé brouillage* or black market), and gave scarce a thought to Monnet, that was a pity for France.

The Plan has been called harsh medicine. It is certainly that for the professional politician who, no sooner out of one war, rolls about in Utopias well calculated to bring on another. There is no class warfare, no fine phrasing, *du côté de chez Monnet*. His whole idea is to get the French down to a realistic basis: their productive capacity is hopelessly weakened by lack of the right tools, enough of them, and by footling attempts to gain the sinews and the pleasure of life by working only 40 hours out of the 168 hours in each week.

Monnet lays emphasis on capital equipment, right distribution of labour, and competition for international trade. He insists that the principals concerned in each sphere of industry, agriculture, commerce, or what have you, must get together and skin their special subjects, devoid of the political or partisan approach. A counsel of perfection? Well, we're all moving that way, if painfully, at times tragically slowly.

Here is a rough outline of the Monnet Plan:

1. £960,000,000 to be invested in a programme of production, modernisation, rebuilding, and export development.

2. In industry generally an increase of 20 per cent. production over present levels is aimed at, with more in the case of key industries.

3. Relatively rigid "targets" to what are considered the six basic industries: coal, electricity, steel, cement, agricultural machinery, and transport.

4. Other industries to be given more flexible targets.

5. Steps to be taken to overcome the shortage of labour, the principal being an increase in the working week from 40 to 48 hours. Other steps include: direction of labour into the sections of industry where it is most urgently needed; output per man to be stepped up.

6. Immigration also comes under stepping-up output, yet so important is it in France's case that it deserves citation on its own: hundreds of thousands of German prisoners of war offered the status of free workers, and perhaps eventual French nationality; nearly 250,000 other workers to be brought from abroad, chiefly Italy.

In the course of recent months some 80,000 German P.O.W.s have, I believe, opted to stay in France, while about as many Italians have arrived. In neither case is the total nearly enough, and this accounts for the high-powered drive for immigrants which the French Government is now pushing. The Immigration Conference in Rome was told that France could not wait for beautifully-worked-out international plans in the matter.

A further fillip is given to Monnet prospects by the British and Americans at last agreeing that France shall have the Saar coal, though not all of it until next year. This will add 12,000,000 tons of coal a year to France's stock.

That Jean Monnet has every attribute for making French and British recoveries dovetail need hardly be said.

FRANCE FLOCKS TO THE BANKS WITH "DEAD MONEY" FOLLOWING THE DEVALUATION OF THE FRANC TO 864 TO THE £ AND THE RECALL OF THE 5,000-FRANC BANKNOTES: *Left*—A long line of Parisians waiting outside the Bank of France to deposit the notes which have been called in by the French Government. For the notes they received official receipts and a promise of compensation at some unspecified date. Last week the queues were enormous, and the surrender time had to be extended. *Right*—Dealers on the Paris Bourse operating in American dollars and Portuguese escudos after the re-establishment of the free market, a move that was at first hotly disputed by the Socialists

DISCUSSING THE FUTURE OF MIDDLE EUROPE: M. Pierre Schneiter (left), who is French Minister for German and Austrian Affairs, seen in conference with Dr. Leopold Figl, the Austrian Chancellor, at a recent meeting in Vienna. M. Schneiter was paying a two-day visit to Austria

A NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE SEINE AT PONTOISE, NEAR PARIS: It has just been declared open by M. Christian Pineau, Minister of Public Works and Transport, and replaces the bridge destroyed during the war. Running parallel with it is the military bridge which has provided a temporary crossing since 1945

SOME OF THE BOYS OF FINE GAEL : Supporters of Cosgrave's old party, now led by General Mulcahy, at an eve of the election rally in O'Connell Street, Dublin. Four hundred and six candidates from all parties contested last week's election for 146 seats in the Dail, and there were eighty-three candidates of Fine Gael. This party stands for close ties with the British Commonwealth, the Marshall Plan and the Charter of the United Nations

THE LEADER OF CLANN NA POBLACHTA DIRECTS HIS CAMPAIGN FROM HIS HOME : Sean Macbride, the Dublin barrister who has formed the new party in Eire, is seen at the head of the table supervising the despatch of election literature. On the extreme left is Mrs. Macbride. In the background near the window is Maura Laverty, the well-known Irish novelist

CLANN NA TALMHAN (LABOUR PARTY) RAISES ITS BANNER IN SOUTH CENTRAL DUBLIN : Youngsters holding aloft posters calling for support of Labour candidates. The slogan was "Had enough? Vote Labour this time"

The Clanns Forgather

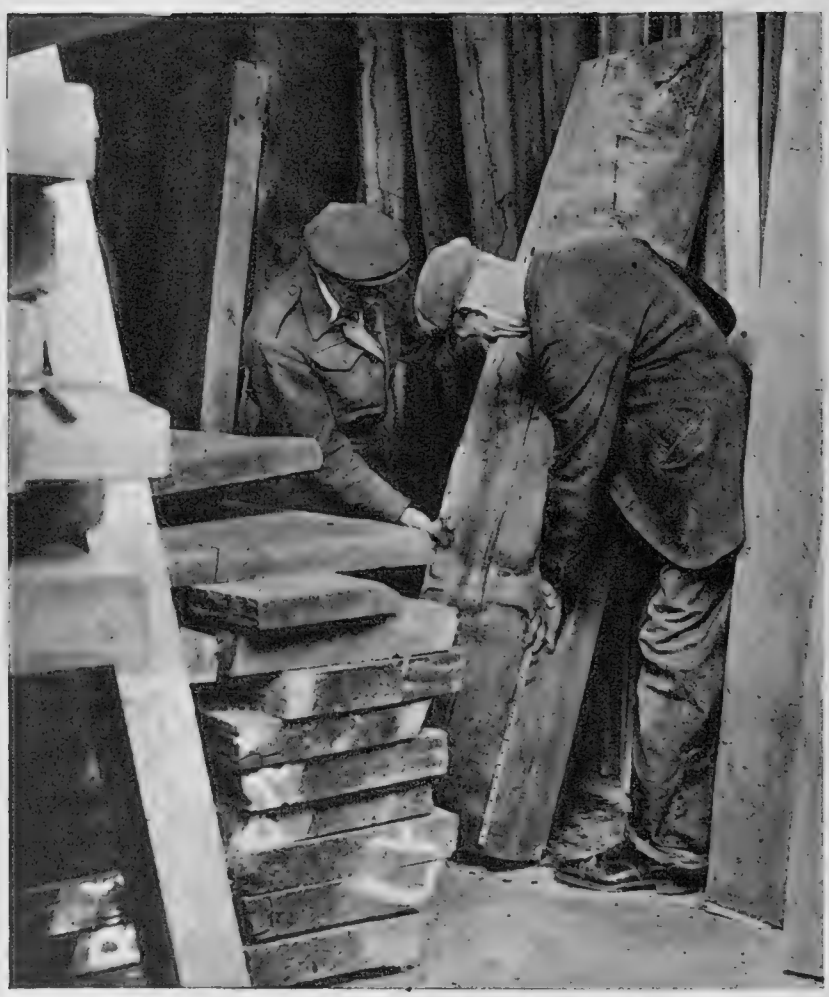
EIRE IN THE THROES OF AN ELECTION

The General Election in Eire, precipitated by De Valera for the simple reason that he feared the strengthening hand of Clann na Poblachta, was from a policy point of view a tame milk-and-water affair quite out of the Irish tradition. All the parties were painfully in agreement upon many points, and not one of them had a bold original policy to put before the electors. What saved this forgathering of the Clanns from a publicity point of view was the personality of two of the chief contestants. Eamon de Valera, who has guided Eire for sixteen years, was seeking to win his seventh successive election. This American-born Irishman of a Spanish father and an Irish mother had as his No. 1 opponent Sean Macbride, leader of the new party, Clann na Poblachta, a man with a rich personal background. He is a quiet-spoken barrister in the early forties; his mother, Maud Gonne, was a famous beauty; his father fought for the Boers and fought against the British; and one grandfather commanded a British cavalry regiment. What more in the way of biography could Clann Poblachta expect of their colourful chief?

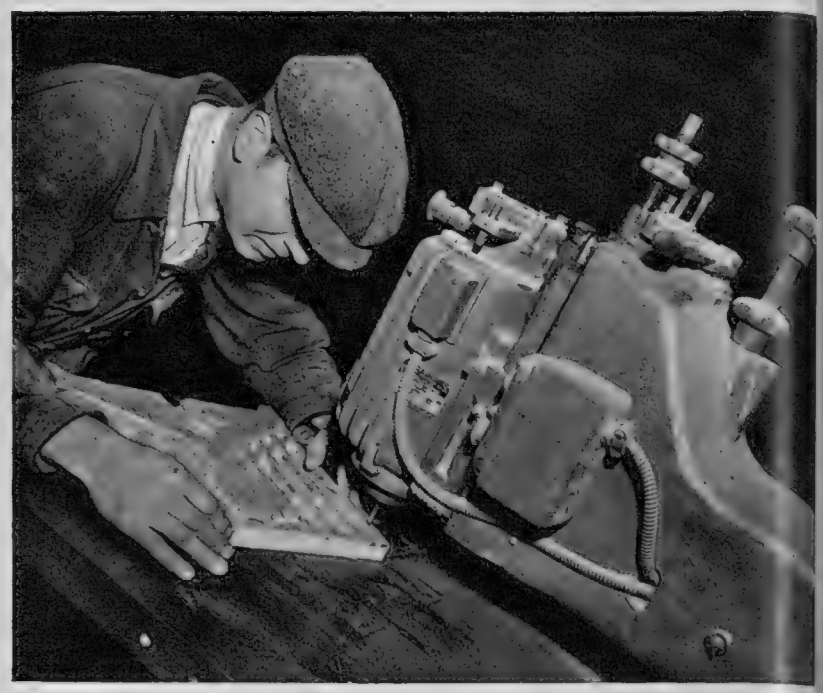
An additional factor was that all parties were set against working with De Valera's Fianna Fail, so an outright majority was necessary for "Dev" to maintain his position as "pilot" of the Free State

THREE GENERATIONS OF MACBRIDES : Sean Macbride, leader of Clann na Poblachta, with his aged mother, Maud Gonne, and his son Tiernan. They are looking at a photograph of Macbride's father, Major John Macbride, who fought with the Boers in the Boer War and was executed in Dublin in 1916 during the rebellion. Maud Gonne, patriotic stormy petrel of Irish politics, was for many years regarded as one of the beauties of Dublin, and she was the inspiration of W. B. Yeats's "Kathleen na Houlihan." Sean Macbride's paternal grandfather commanded the 17th Lancers

THREE MORE PERSONALITIES OF THE CAMPAIGN DEMONSTRATE THEIR MICROPHONE TECHNIQUE : *Left*—General Mulcahy, heir of former President Cosgrave, speaking at an O'Connell Street gathering of his Fine Gael supporters. For this election the party secured some young and talented candidates, including William Cosgrave (*centre*), son of De Valera's old rival. *Right*—William Norton, the Labour leader, believes that Ireland has got into the habit of voting for a man and not for a party. He has long been one of "Dev's" most outspoken opponents, but his party has never been strongly represented in the Dail. Dublin took the election very quietly, but in the last days interest mounted considerably



SELECTING OAK TO BE USED FOR THE INTERIOR PANELLING AND JOINERY OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS: Two workers at Green and Vardy's, Islington, measuring timber which is to be used in the Debating Chamber and which is now being fashioned by some of the best of Britain's hand-carvers. The timber has come from 300-year-old trees grown in woods in Herefordshire and Shropshire and felled eighteen months or two years ago. Since then the oak has been kiln-dried by a new process, perfected at the Forest Products Research Laboratory. The process, believed to be better than any method of kilning known hitherto, is even superior to air-drying, which takes seven years, in extracting the moisture from the innermost parts of wood



MACHINES ALSO HELP WITH THE WORK: This worker is using the router to do the preparatory work in preparing a tracery panel for the interior woodwork of the House of Commons chamber

ENGLISH OAK is Fashioned by the Best of Hand-Carvers for the NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS

A COMPLETED TRACERY PANEL TO GO BENEATH THE GALLERY CRESTING: A finely carved piece of oak completed at Green and Vardy's. The designs have all been made by Sir Giles Scott

HERE THIRTY-FOUR HAND-CARVERS ARE EMPLOYED ON AN HISTORIC TASK: A general view in Green and Vardy's, Islington, during the progress of the work on the new House of Commons woodwork. All the oak used in the House is to be stained a grey shade by spraying it with sulphate of iron. It is found that natural oak does not keep its original colour, soon changing to much less attractive tones, and for this reason Sir Giles Scott has decided upon spraying. Sir Giles is a frequent visitor to the works, and studies each panel made to his design

ARTISTRY IN WOOD: Mr. Walter Hassell, a wood-carver from Willesden, seen at work on one of the tracery panels. The finished product is shown in the picture on the left

THIS WILL FORM PART OF THE PRESS GALLERY: Craftsmen at work on one of the wooden desks which will be provided for the House reporters

THE GALLERY CRESTING: At work on the panel are Kenneth Rippingale, an apprentice, and Mr. C. W. Taylor, of Brighton, a veteran. The carvers at Green and Vardy's have come from many parts of the country, several of them from the Midlands. All appreciate the opportunity of working on this unique task. Some of the older men have emerged from retirement to help

Already the first stones of the new House of Commons have been fixed in position. Already the steel skeleton has risen on the site destroyed during the war, and about 30 per cent. of the work on the reinforced-concrete floors has been done. Even internal walls have been built. Meanwhile, at Green and Vardy's Islington works some of the finest cabinet-makers of the twentieth century, skilled hand-carvers without compare, are hard at work preparing part of the 30,000 cubic feet of English oak which is to be used for the internal panelling and joinery of the House.

The timber, consisting of magnificent oak planks, 4, 5 and 6 ins. thick and up to 28 ins. wide, is from trees grown within a radius of about 50 miles of Newport, Shropshire, and it has been selected by the architect, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, and carefully kilned at the Forest Products Research Laboratory at Princes Risborough.

The new Chamber will be almost a replica of the old, but not quite. Sir Giles Scott has explained that the Victorian Gothic detail of the old House was extraordinarily good in its way, and he has indeed been impressed by the extent to which Barry and Pugin were ahead of their contemporaries; yet it is not quite the kind of Gothic which is required nowadays. Hence this new "Scott Gothic."

At first there was a considerable shortage of carvers at work on the House of Commons task, but now there are thirty-four. "I think we have the cream of Britain's hand-carvers working here," declared Mr. Vardy in a recent interview, "and there are more than we ever expected. We thought we should have to manage with about twenty, but some of the dear old boys have come out of retirement to help."

As is the custom among cabinet-makers, the carvers use their own tools, many of which are now difficult if not impossible to replace.

Only for the principal timber of the roof of the House will any other wood than oak be used. Those heaviest beams will be built up of English oak on a core of American silver spruce.

"IT 'S THE FLICK OF THE TOOL THAT MAKES THE WORK ALIVE": This is how Mr. Vardy describes the work of his craftsmen, one of whom is seen in this picture carving a ceiling boss. The carver is veteran Walter Hassell. This "Scott Gothic," as some of the carvers call Sir Giles's designs, is much more lively than Gothic imitations of the last century

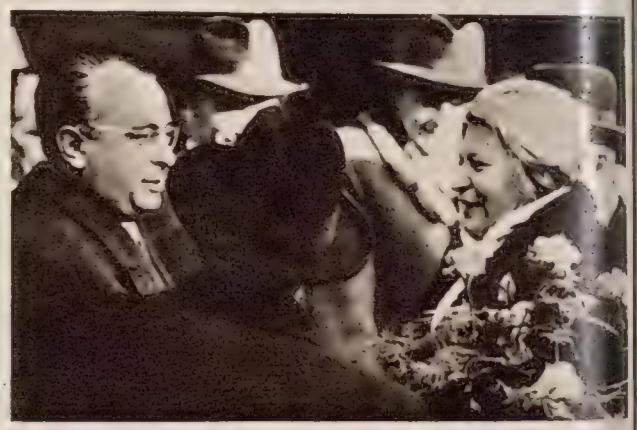
From NEW YORK to PEIPING

A Survey of the World News in Pictures

PREPARING THE GROUND IN MANHATTAN FOR THE UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS: An overhead view looking north from 42nd Street along First Avenue, New York, showing the progress of the work of dismantling the maze of buildings comprising the site given to the world by John D. Rockefeller, Junior. The United Nations buildings will look out on the East River and face the borough of Queen's on Long Island. In the distance is the celebrated Queenborough Bridge. A real estate agent is said to have bought up extensive lots in the vicinity of the United Nations site and to be planning development

1948 IN DEVASTATED COLOGNE: Looking from the summit of the cathedral to the bomb-blasted Hohenzollern Bridge. The Archbishop of Cologne has asked the Allies to agree to the complete removal of the bridge, thus isolating the cathedral site and doing away with the network of lines at the bridge approach. The cathedral itself is gutted, but its repair is possible. During recent work on the site workers have uncovered the original foundations

THE "FIVE LONELY PILGRIMS" MEET THE PRESS: Per Federspiel (Denmark), Paul Diez de Medina (Bolivia), Dr. Karel Lisicky (Czechoslovakia, Chairman), Vincente J. Francisco (Philippines) and Dr. Eduardo Morgan (Panama) seen as they held their first news conference on return to Lake Success, New York. The "Five Lonely Pilgrims," as the members of the Palestine Partition Commission have been dubbed by the American Press, are charged with the task of informing the Security Council of the exact nature of the situation in Palestine. The Commission is making a special report on the subject of security in Palestine at the termination of the Mandate, and it is considering the question of Arab and Jewish Defence Militias. Dr. Morgan is charged with the task of discussing with Britain the future of the Jewish immigrants in Cyprus



THE NEW LINE-UP IN DANUBIAN EUROPE: Zoltan Vas (left), Secretary-General of the Hungarian Supreme Economic Council, greeting Anna Pauker, Rumanian Minister of Foreign Affairs, when she arrived at Budapest for the signing of Rumania's Pact of Friendship with Hungary. The Treaty marks one further step in the consolidation of South-Eastern Europe, which would appear to be progressing under the direct supervision of Marshal Tito, of Yugoslavia, and under the only slightly less direct supervision of the Kremlin. Bulgaria, Albania, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Hungary all come within this developing federation of States to which Dimitrov, of Bulgaria, referred in a recent speech, since alleged to have been indiscreet

A BATTLE COURSE FOR HAGANAH GIRLS: Tel Aviv High School students training on the double ropes, part of the assault course on which they are fitting themselves for service with Haganah, the defence force of the Jewish Agency. Haganah has obtained more recruits in Tel Aviv than in any other part of Palestine, and, since the announcement of Partition, they have flocked to the recruiting centres. The younger members of the organisation will be used as despatch-carriers and will help generally in the signals service

On right—**STANISLAW MIKOLAJCZYK ADDRESSES A CHICAGO MEETING: The Premier of the Polish Government in exile during the Second World War and subsequent leader of the Polish Peasant Party, delivering an anti-Soviet speech.** He told his American audience that Soviet Russia no longer conceals the fact that its chief aim is to dominate the whole world through the medium of Communism. The ex-Premier is now touring the United States giving lectures in all the major cities

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HOW BOMBAY REACTED to the NEWS of GANDHI'S DEATH

The Crowd Vent Their Fury on the Leaders of the Mahasabha

READING THE GRIM TIDINGS ON A WALL NEWSPAPER IN THE STREETS OF BOMBAY : To the millions who regarded Gandhi as a saint the news of his murder by a Hindu extremist came as a bitter personal blow. At first Bombay believed that a Muslim was responsible for the crime, and the initial attacks were made on members of the Muslim community. Forty-eight hours later, when it became generally known that Gandhi's assailant was the editor of a Poona paper holding Hindu Mahasabha views, the people's fury turned against the persons and property of well-known Mahasabhaites. The All-India Mahasabha came into being in this century as a political enemy of the Muslim League. It opposed the division of India and firmly believes in Hindu dominance of the sub-continent. It despises Congress for its policy of appeasement

READING THE NEWS OF GANDHI'S ASSASSINATION : Bombay workers learn the tidings which it was feared might lead directly to a nation-wide outbreak of communal ferocity. Sporadic communal rioting continued in Bombay over a period of twenty-four hours, and eventually led to attacks by Hindus on Hindu extremists

THE PEOPLE WREAK THEIR VENGEANCE ON THE OFFICES OF THE MAHASABHA : Two pictures taken in the streets of Bombay when citizens burnt the furniture taken from the branch offices of the All-India Mahasabha, the extreme Hindu organisation to which Gandhi's assassin belonged. The most recent manifestations of the Mahasabha before Gandhi's death were violent criticisms of Gandhi for peace-fasting and of Pandit Nehru's Government for releasing Pakistan's agreed share of the assets of British India, a sum amounting to £37,000,000. The Mahasabha will consider no compromise with Pakistan

INDIAN TROOPS RESTORE ORDER IN BOMBAY : Marching through the streets of the city after the attacks on the Mahasabha offices. While the rioting was going on immense throngs in other parts of the city attended meetings to mourn Gandhi's death. The crowd at Chowpatty beach alone numbered 250,000. The memorial service in Bombay Cathedral was conducted by Bishop Lash, who was a personal friend of the Mahatma and paid a most moving tribute to him

LONDON AND BRIGHTON AS OUR PAINTER-ETCHERS SEE THEM

Some Outstanding Contributions to Their Annual Exhibition in Conduit St.

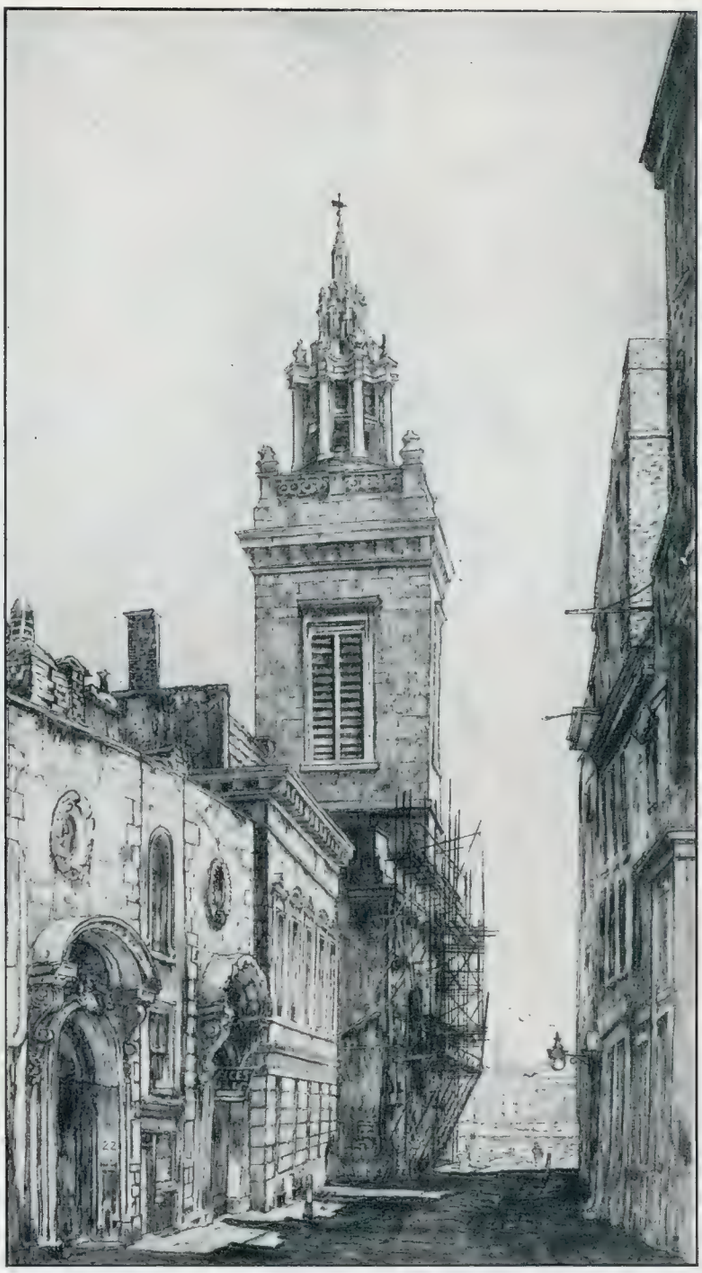
"PORTRAIT OF DOUGLAS COCKERELL," BY MALCOLM OSBORNE, R.A., PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS: Douglas Cockerell, the celebrated bookbinder, rebound the Codex Sinaiticus, the Bible MS. bought for the British Museum from the Russian Government for £100,000. During his career he rebound many rare manuscripts and books for universities and museums all over the world, and he was the author of standard books on bookbinding. For many years Douglas Cockerell was teacher at the L.C.C. School of Arts and Crafts. This portrait is one of a series representing distinguished contemporaries etched by Malcolm Osborne

"THE HORSE GUARDS," A DRYPOINT BY HENRY RUSHBURY, R.A.: This prin of one of the finest buildings in Whitehall is a characteristic exampl of the work of one of the foremost living British etchers, and fittingl has a place in this year's exhibition of the Royal Society of Painte Etchers, which opened to-day at 26, Conduit Street. Henry Rushbur has made many prints of famous London buildings, among them a serie of the old Bank of England before it was modernised by Sir Herbert Bake

The annual exhibition by the members of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers an Engravers opens to-day, February 14, in their galleries at 26, Conduit Street, W. The Society was founded by Sir Francis Seymour Haden in 1880, and he was its first presiden Many famous etchers have been members, among whom were W. Strang, Alphonse Legro Charles Keene, Sir D. Y. Cameron, C. J. Watson and F. L. Griggs. Sir Frank Short, R.A was elected president in 1911, and guided the Society's destinies with conspicuous succe until his retirement in 1938, when the famous engraver was followed by Malcolm Osborne, R.A The Society encourages all branches of engraving, and numbers among its membe many of the finest living wood engravers. Those eminent exponents of the art of lin engraving, Stanley Anderson, R.A., Robert Austin, A.R.A., and Sir Henry Badeley, K.C.B Clerk to Parliament, are also members. In the present exhibition will be found ov 200 examples of every form of engraving, etching, drypoint, aquatint and wood engravi

"THE ROYAL OAK," AN ETCHING BY GWEN MAY: The artist depicts a small "local" still standing at Muswell Hill. This charming print at the annual exhibitio of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers is a reminder that "subject" can be found in a London suburb, and that it is not necessary to trav to the picturesque towns abroad to find worthwhile material. Miss May is one of the younger school of etchers, and was trained at the Hornsey School of A

"WET DAY AT BRIGHTON," A SOFT GROUND ETCHING AND AQUATINT BY NORMAN JAMES: This print is worked in the traditional technique of the nineteenth-century British print-makers, as employed by Rowlandson and others. It is an unusual and very successful treatment of the medium, much in the public news of the moment by the publication of illustrated books by Picasso, with plates worked in aquatint. Brighton is an inexhaustible source of inspiration for artists. Richard Sickert did much of his best work from subjects in the town



"ST. MICHAEL PATER NOSTER, COLLEGE HILL," AN ETCHING BY W. P. ROBINS: This magnificent Wren church is built on the site of one known as Dick Whittington's church. The interior was gutted by fire during the blitz, but the exterior has been repaired. The finely carved wooden canopies are over the entrance of what was the Innholders Hall. The heavily-blitzed area beyond the church to-day affords a fine glimpse of the Thames. Mr. Robins is the teacher in charge of the Etching School at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, London, and has written widely on the subject of prints. Examples of his work are in the print rooms of the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, and in most of the important print collections abroad. It is reliably recorded that Richard Whittington was buried no fewer than three times in the old church: first at his death in 1423; again in Edward VI's time, when he was disinterred and reburied; and a third time in the reign of Queen Mary

"CHERRY GARDEN PIER," A DRYPOINT BY NORMAN JAMES: Cherry Gardens, Rotherhithe, was a holiday resort in the eighteenth century. Rotherhithe Church dominates the south bank of this reach of the Thames just below the Tower Bridge. Mr. James served in the First World War and again, as Squadron-Leader, in the Second. He is now a member of the staff of the Slade School of Art, London

THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF WATCHES THE MARCH-PAST OF HER REGIMENT : Princess Elizabeth on the saluting-dais at Lulworth Camp, Dorset, as she made both her first and farewell inspection of the 16th/5th Lancers on the eve of their departure for North Africa. Standing on the saluting-dais with the Princess is Colonel H. C. L. Howard, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., the Colonel of the Regiment.

In an address following the inspection and march-past, Princess Elizabeth referred to the Regiment's brilliant part in the North African and Italian campaigns during the Second World War, and also to the circumstances of the amalgamation of the 16th and 5th. "There must have been many who felt it deeply when the 16th The Queen's Lancers, whose battle honours go back to the Napoleonic Wars, lost their identity," she said. "I think, too, that at first the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, who fought with distinction at Blenheim, must have accepted amalgamation with sorrow in their hearts. But we cannot live by regrets for the past, and I rejoice to think that, as your war record shows, the finest traditions of both regiments have been preserved

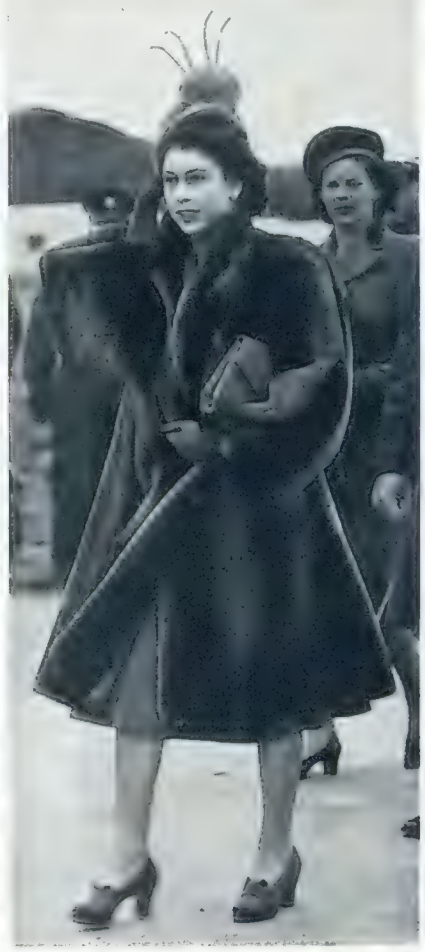
PRINCESS ELIZABETH BIDS FAREWELL TO THE 16th/5th LANCERS

And Attends Her First Ball Since the Royal Wedding

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE DORCHESTER : Her Royal Highness arriving to attend the ball given by Lady Allendale for her son, Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, and prospective daughter-in-law, Miss Sarah Ismay, daughter of Lord Ismay. The Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret also attended the dance, and the private dinner party which preceded it

THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF RECEIVES A HELPING HAND FROM THE COLONEL : Princess Elizabeth is helped on with her fur coat by Colonel Howard of the 16th/5th Lancers after her inspection at Lulworth. Standing on the left is the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Dorset

Below—**THE PRINCESS MEETS THE WARRANT OFFICERS OF THE 16TH/5TH LANCERS : The Regimental Sergeant-Major is standing beside the Princess, making the introductions. Her Royal Highness is shaking hands with a member of the Regiment who helped to provide her guard of honour at the Royal wedding**



ARRIVING ON THE WINDSWEPT PARADE-GROUND AT LULWORTH : The Princess had to keep a firm hold of her hat as it was a particularly gusty day

ON THE TREACHEROUS ROCKS OF CARN BRAS: An aerial view of raging seas beating round the base of the Longships lighthouse, which lies off Land's End and has a light visible for 16 miles. The keepers of the Longships are awaiting relief

RAGING SEAS Round the WOLF and LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSES

Trinity House is advertising in the West Country Press for lighthouse-keepers between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight. The posts are permanent and pensionable, and it is quite easy to understand at this season of the year why they do not particularly appeal. Lighthouses on many parts of our coast are overdue for relief on account of the heavy winter gales, and it was reported last week that at both the Wolf and the Longships lighthouses off the Cornish coast the keepers were reduced to their iron rations. When the Wolf relief was twenty-seven days overdue and the keepers were facing a monotonous diet of biscuits and bully beef, the Royal Mail steamer *Scillonian* wirelessed to the Wolf: "Watch out for helicopter with food." The helicopter, piloted by Westlands test pilot Alan Bristow, flew out to the Wolf, hovered over the lighthouse gallery, and succeeded in passing bags of supplies. The flight marks a new era in relief work at sea, and follows experiments made during fine weather in 1947

Below—**A HELICOPTER AT THE WOLF ROCK, WHERE THE RELIEF OF THE KEEPERS WAS DELAYED BY THE HEAVIEST GALES OF THE WINTER: These pictures were taken last week-end, when stores were flown in by helicopter. The helicopter is seen (*below on left*) in position above the lantern after passing supplies, and (*below on right*) the keepers are acknowledging the arrival of the parcels**

A SURVEY of the HOME NEWS

A FUND IS LAUNCHED TO SAVE THE ST. IVES ARTISTS' COLONY : A general view of the town of St. Ives and the picturesque bay. For some time past the number of artists' studios at St. Ives has been dwindling and there is anxiety in the town that at no distant date suitable premises will be unobtainable. Mr. R. Smart was for many years the honorary secretary of St. Ives Society of Artists, and after his death two months ago the Society decided to set up a £6,000 fund to be called the Borlase Smart Memorial Fund. This would be used to buy a number of studios at Porthmeor, to be let only to *bona-fide* artists. In the centre background is Porthmeor beach, beyond which are artists' studios. These have dwindled in number from 100 to

THE WINE-MAKER OF WINDSOR CASTLE : Sergeant-Major W. G. Hearn, ex-Grenadier Guardsman and licensee of one of England's most unusual pubs, pouring out a glass of his rose wine in the gardens of Windsor Castle. The Sergeant-Major is mine host at the Brown Cow just within the Castle walls, and is also Windsor Castle lodge-keeper. He makes his wines from flowers and fruit grown in the Castle grounds. His recipes are secret, but some of the ingredients are startling, including lettuce, stinging nettles and also grass

THACKERAY'S HOUSE UNDER THE SHADOW OF COMMERCIALISATION : This picturesque bow-fronted residence in Young Street, Kensington (now numbered 16), was the home of the great novelist from 1846 to 1854, and it was there that he wrote "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond" and "Vanity Fair." In a recent letter to the Press, Mr. W. T. D. Ritchie, a grandson of Thackeray, protested against the present neglect of the place and the threat by John Barker's to set aside the covenants restricting the use of the house to domestic purposes. Another correspondent, Mr Frank B. O'Neill, has joined in the protest

ANOTHER KENSINGTON HOUSE LINKED WITH THACKERAY'S "HENRY ESMOND" : This is No. 7, Kensington Square, not far from threatened No. 16. It was at one time the residence of the Marquis Powis, the companion of James II in exile. In *Henry Esmond*, Thackeray made this the home of Lady Castlewood and Colonel Esmond, where they sheltered the Pretender

YOUTH AT THE HELM IN PARK LANE : Miss Carola Ravell, twenty-seven-year-old Vice-Consul for Venezuela in London, has taken over the Consulate offices in Park Lane in the absence of the Consul-General, Señor Jorge Luciani, who has been recalled by the Venezuelan Government on official business. Miss Ravell is the first woman Vice-Consul ever appointed by her Government. Previously she held the highly responsible post of chief of the Consulate Staff in New York. She has been in this country two months

A LABOUR OF LOVE IS COMPLETE : Seventeen years after being fascinated by the beautiful Bayeux Tapestry when on holiday in Normandy Mrs. Maude Geare, of Sutton, Surrey, has finished an embroidered copy of the eleventh-century work of art depicting the Norman Conquest, and she is shown in this picture holding one of the sixty-five panels. The tapestry is 231 ft. long and has twenty scenes

RECRUITING THE HEBREW LEGION : Miss Zena Weiser at her desk at the headquarters of the Legion near Marble Arch. She is one of the daughters of Major Samuel Weiser, the founder of this organisation, which aims to recruit 2,000 fit young men who will sail for Palestine on May 15 "to fight for the rights of the Jews." Hebrew Legion posters, calling for men to join up "for the salvation of Eretz Israel," are now appearing in England. During the war Major Weiser was a member of the British Military Mission to Russia and was on the Intelligence Staff

WHERE SCOTLAND'S FIRST CISTERCIAN ABBOT SINCE THE REFORMATION HAS LATELY BEEN INSTALLED: Sancta Maria Abbey, Nunraw, near Haddington, was the scene last week of the abbatial blessing of the Right Rev. Dom Columban Mulcahy, brother of General Mulcahy, the Irish political leader. The monastery at Nunraw dates from the fourteenth century, and it was reoccupied two years ago by an advance party of priests and lay brothers from Limerick. They cleaned the building, in the process discovering exquisite carvings and paintings, and, in addition, they built a wooden church beside the monastery. Both the new Abbot and the new church, which is seen on the right of this picture, were blessed on the same day, the centuries-old ritual being carried out by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, with the assistance of Abbot Camillus Claffey, of Eire, the founder of this East Lothian Cistercian House. A luncheon followed the ceremony

THE RESTORATION OF A CELEBRATED CITY CHURCH: The tower of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, swathed in scaffolding for the task of reconstruction and repair. St. Stephen's, one of the first dozen damaged City churches to undergo restoration, stands on the site of an earlier church which was burned down in the Great Fire of London. The present building dates from 1672-79, and is by Sir Christopher Wren. It is regarded by some as his finest work, next to St. Paul's, and certain architectural details are said to have been experiments preliminary to the building of the cathedral

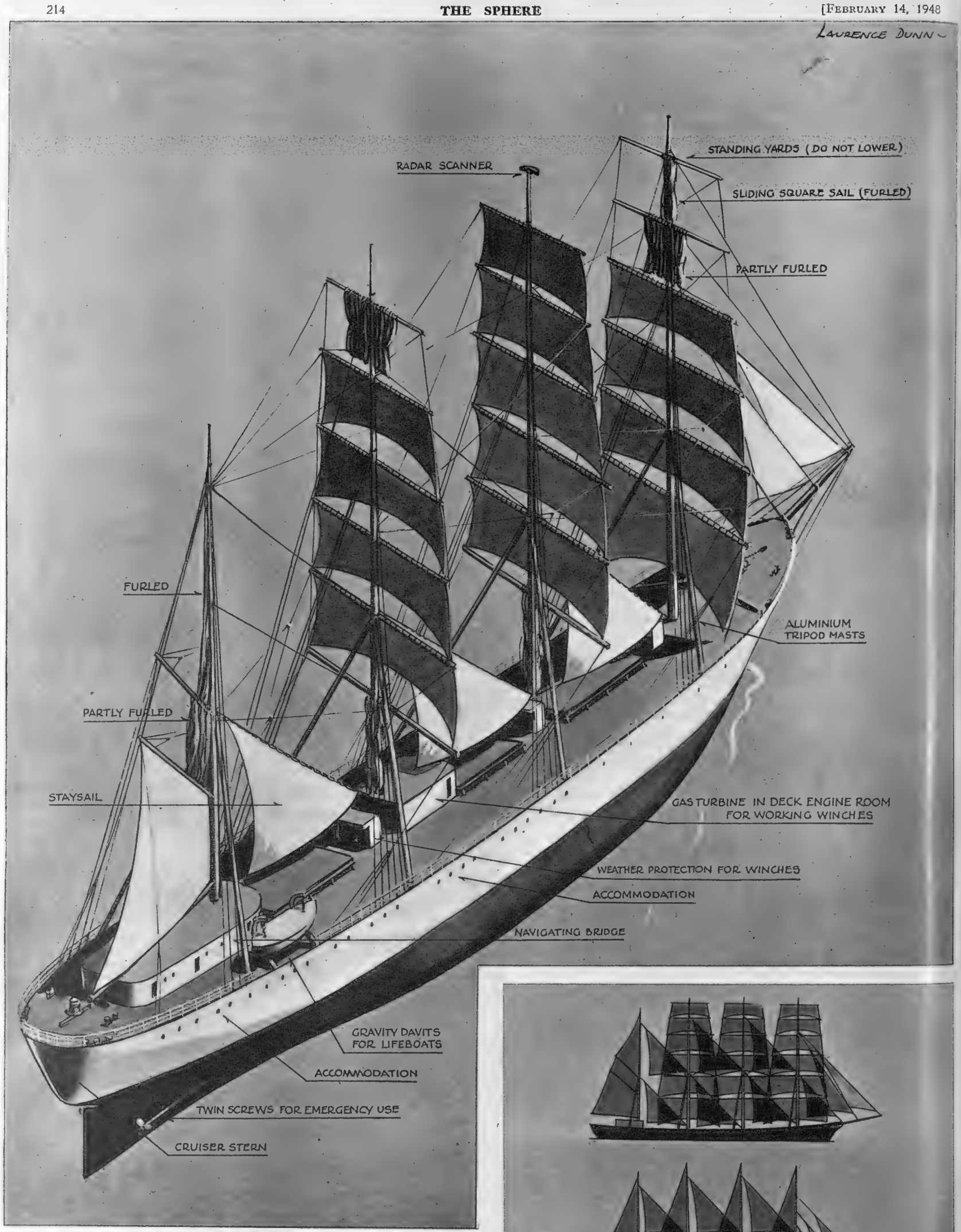
THE P.O.W. STUDENTS: German prisoners of war who are taking the six-weeks special course at Cambridge, at their camp at Trumpington

A CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY COURSE FOR GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR: Listening to the opening lecture given by C. W. Guillibaud, at St. John's College. About 200 prisoners are attending this six-weeks course organised by the Board of Extra Mural Studies, and it will be concluded in mid-March. A wide variety of subjects is being covered and half the lectures are being given in German and half in English. While the course is in progress the prisoners have been moved to a special camp at Trumpington

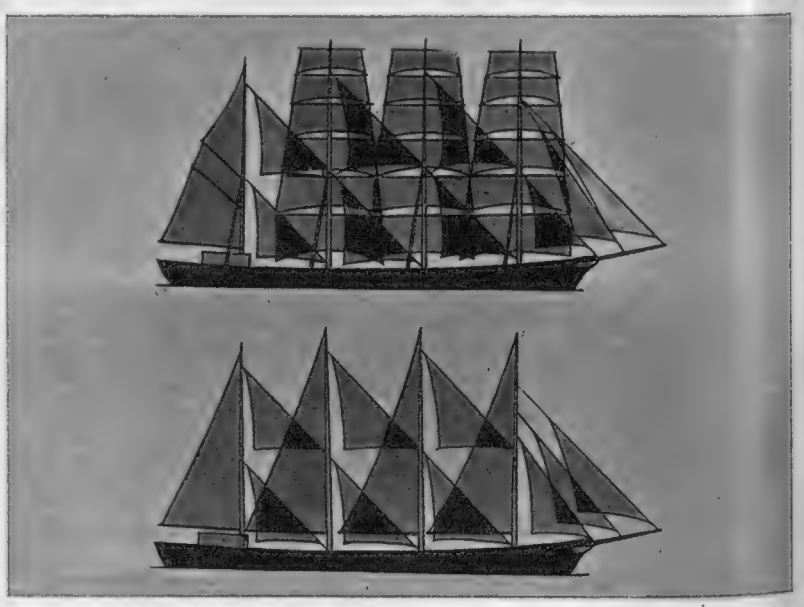
THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY CALLS UPON CHRISTIANS TO RESIST THE BLACK MARKET: The Assembly at the Central Hall, Westminster, where the motion regarding illicit dealings was moved by the Rev. H. R. Wilson, of Wakefield

On right—**A NIGHTLY SPECTACLE IN THE STRAND:** Installation of concealed lighting brings out for the first time the beauty of what is possibly the finest eighteenth-century portico in London—that at the Strand entrance to Somerset House. The lighting is an experiment, and, when fuel restrictions are lifted, may be extended to other London buildings

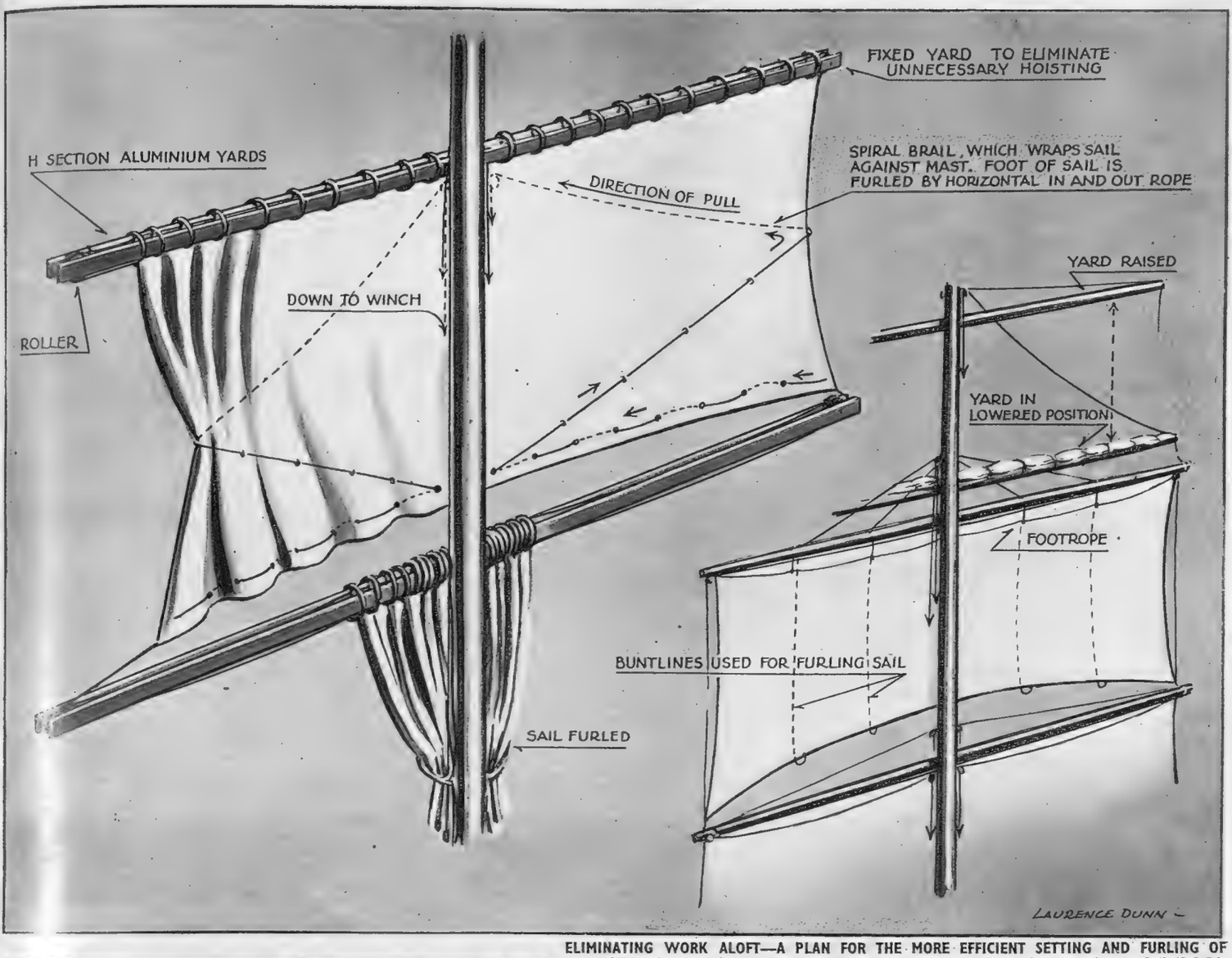
LAURENCE DUNN



IS THIS THE SAILING-SHIP OF THE FUTURE? This suggested design for a four-masted barque of about 2,000 tons, in which there is no need to go aloft to set or furl sails, and with the sail-handling winches adequately protected against heavy seas, is largely based on the ideas now being propounded by Commander Geoffrey Bowles, R.N. These ideas are being widely discussed among sailing men and many of them agree that it would be possible to-day to produce much more efficient clippers than the record-breaking vessels of the '60's and '70's. The hull of this barque is built up, and the well-deck filled in, resulting in increased space being available for accommodation and 'tween deck space for light and bulky cargoes. Tripod masts eliminate much cumbersome rigging. Only for bending or changing sail would it be necessary to go aloft, and this is not a frequent occurrence. A modern sailing vessel would use many new inventions for easier navigation, including a radar scanner. She might be partly or wholly of aluminium alloy, plastic enamelled against barnacles, with light-weight aluminium masts



CONSIDERATIONS IN MAKING THE WINDJAMMER PAY: This diagrammatic drawing shows the relative sail area possible with (top) a square-rigged ship and (bottom) a fore-and-aft-rigged ship of similar size. It is important to remember that the route a sailing ship will take is chosen so that she will traverse waters where she can expect to find fair winds, and that with these the square rig has great advantages over fore and aft. Running before the wind, the booms of the latter are very prone to dip under water with dire results



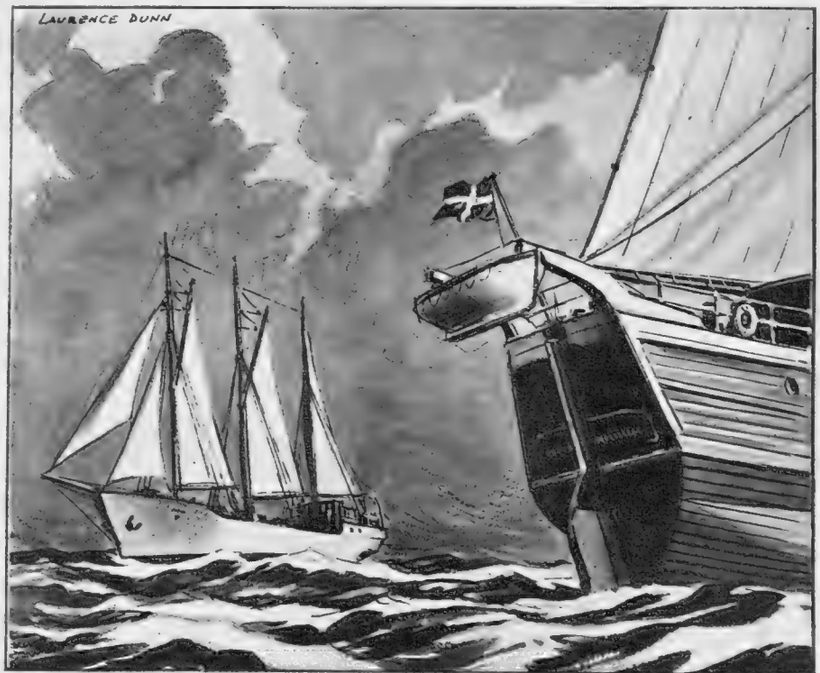
ELIMINATING WORK ALOFT—A PLAN FOR THE MORE EFFICIENT SETTING AND FURLING OF SAILS: On the left is a close-up of Commander Geoffrey Bowles' Sliding Square Sail (S.S.S.), which he advocates as necessary equipment in the modern sailing-ship. Used in conjunction with a "Set Furl" Winch, it is designed virtually to eliminate work aloft. A pull on two ropes and the sail is set. The upper rope is attached to the outer ring of the sail and passes over a roller at the end of the yard and thence back to the mast, where it goes down to the winch on deck. For furling, another rope, extending from the same ring, passes along the channel in the centre of the H-shaped yard, under the other rings on its way to the mast and down. Sails are bent or changed close to the mast by merely passing the hinged yard rings through eyelets along the head of the sail. On the right of the drawing is the old type of square sail, where the buntlines are used in the early stages of furling after which the sail has to be made fast by men working along the yard on the foot ropes

CAN THE SAILING-SHIP BE GIVEN A NEW LEASE OF LIFE?

Some Suggestions for a New and More Efficient Type of Four-master

The recent fast passage of the *Pamir* from New Zealand and the further increases in the cost of fuel have set sailing men pondering afresh as to whether the windjammer really can be made to pay, and thus be given a new lease of life. Research in this matter is now being pursued in several maritime countries. In Sweden the Borstrom Shipping Combine's *Albatross*, a sailing vessel of 1942 vintage, is indicative of just what can be achieved in making a modern sailing-ship, and now comes Commander Geoffrey Bowles, R.N., with a series of ideas for the easier and more efficient operation of sails. Some of these ideas, which have been welcomed by sailing men, are set out in the accompanying drawings by Laurence Dunn. Without unduly increasing capital costs, there seem to be many modern developments which could be incorporated in a new sailing-ship, such as the use of aluminium for masts and superstructure if not for hull, the use of sliding square sails and fixed yards, permitting all work to be done on deck by the aid of winches, well protected from the weather. These could be driven by a gas turbine in an engine-room on deck. This would provide sufficient power for other auxiliary purposes and drive the twin screws when docking. Alternatively, they could for short periods of emergency be driven by batteries. The propellers could in turn be reversed when there was a fair wind, and so used to generate electricity. Radar, wireless and echo sounders are other fittings that would be of particular value.

THE MODERN SAILING VESSEL IS NO LESS ATTRACTIVE THAN HER STATELY PREDECESSORS: The Borstrom Shipping Combine's *Albatross*, now engaged on a world voyage of oceanographical discovery, seen at Cape Town. *Albatross* was built at Goteborg in 1942, and is of 1,052 tons gross. Although rigs may vary, the design of her hull and stem is likely to serve as an example for future sailing-ships

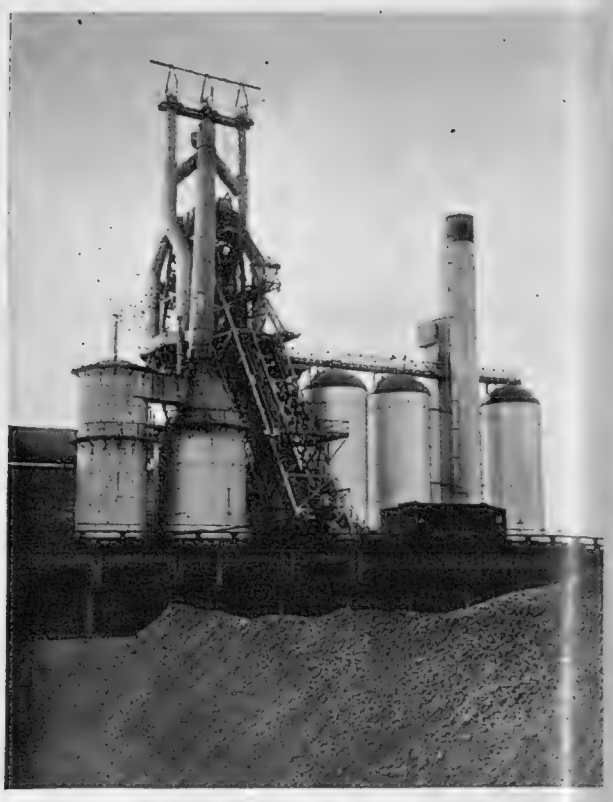


DEVELOPMENTS IN SCANDINAVIA: Certain Swedish shipyards now specialise in standard types of schooners all fitted with auxiliary engines of generous size. These vessels range up to 500 tons cargo capacity and a maximum length of 140 ft. They are generally steel built, though there are a few exceptions, and the three-masted *Orion*, of 180 tons, whose transom stern is shown on the right, is an example of the wooden-built craft. In contrast, the 261-ton *Ingrid*, built at Marstrand in 1945, has a steel hull akin to that of a Dutch schoot or motor-coaster—*Drawings by Laurence Dunn*

BRITAIN AT WORK

Some Innovations Largely Designed to Increase the Pace of Industry

TAPPING OPERATIONS IN THE NEW BLAST FURNACE: A scene of activity within the Clyde Ironworks of Messrs. Colville, at Tollcross, near Glasgow. The furnace is the most modern in Britain, and will add measurably to Scottish steel production. At tapping-time the iron notch is opened, and the molten iron is run either into pig beds moulded in the sand of the cast-house or run through troughs into ladles. The slag coming from the blast furnace flows into waiting slag-cars

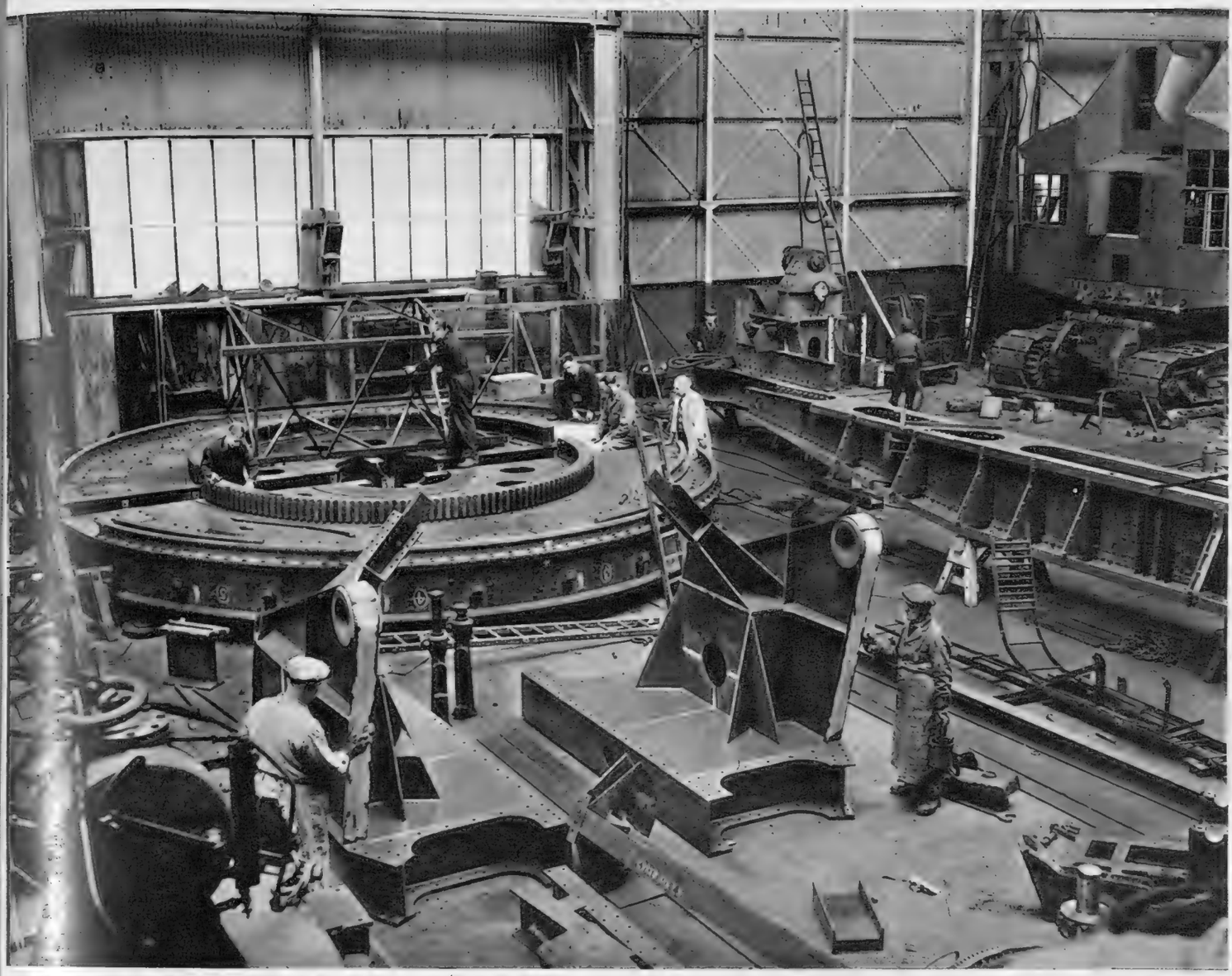


DEVELOPMENTS AT THE CLYDE IRONWORKS: The new furnace, No. 3, is on the extreme right, and it will be served by the same conveyer as the other furnaces. The iron ore is seen in the foreground, and, after being hoisted on the conveyer, the charge of ore, coke and flux, is inserted beneath the cone-shaped bell and hopper. A system of pipes takes off the waste gases

Britain's steel industry is making giant strides. All over the country elaborate plans for increasing production far beyond the 1947 target are under way, and the newly-formed Steel Company of Wales, a giant undertaking involving millions of capital, has come into being. The latest tangible evidence of the industry's expansion is provided by the new £500,000 blast furnace started at the Clyde Ironworks of Messrs. Colville Ltd., and expected to produce about 230,000 tons of pig iron each year. The estimated maximum capacity of the new furnace, after running-in operations, is about 4,500 tons per week, and this will add 33 per cent. to the weekly output of the works at Tollcross

MAKING THE NEW ORDNANCE SURVEY OF GREAT BRITAIN: Mr. P. Forbes, an assistant superintendent, checking an urban map at the Survey Headquarters at Chessington, Surrey. Whether you have a garage, outhouse or lean-to shed exceeding 6 ft. by 6 ft., you will find it marked on these new official maps of the British Isles. At 50 ins. to the mile the sections are the largest scale-maps ever to be made of the built-up areas. They will even show the name of your house, if it has a name, and such minute details as pillar-boxes and flagstaffs. Bournemouth and Edinburgh have already been covered. It will be ten years before the 1,100 men on the surveying side and 1,700 at Epsom on cartography, finish the work of mapping every built-up area. Then 40,000 copies will be printed as a "first edition"

PREPARING A SENSITIVE PLATE IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT OF THE ORDNANCE SURVEY: A whirler operator is at work pouring the sensitised solution. Preparing Great Britain's new 50-ins.-to-the-mile maps is a ten-year task, employing in all 2,800 men in direct labour



BUILDING THE "WALKING DRAGLINE"—BRITAIN'S GIANT EXCAVATOR UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT THE IPSWICH WORKS OF RANSOMES AND RAPIER: A view of the assembly-shop, showing on the left the circular base for the 1,500-ton machine which is capable of excavating 30 tons per minute

The "walking dragline" is now being built at Ipswich for work in Britain's ironstone fields. With its enormous capacity of 30 tons per minute, this great robot will lay bare the overburden and enable the quarriers to get to work with a minimum of difficulty. The monster will remove overburden to a depth of 100 ft. It is expected that the machine will be ready for operation in July 1950, and it will start work in Northamptonshire, where the ironstone deposits are considerable. The "walking dragline" will have a boom 282 ft. in length, and it will tower to a height of 175 ft. above ground-level, a little below the height of the Nelson Column. When slewing, the boom head will travel at 200 ft. per minute. The machine's method of walking forward over the ground was illustrated in a diagrammatic drawing in THE SPHERE of December 20 last. Ransomes and Rapier report a world demand for British excavating equipment, but it is necessary to keep a firm balance between the need for exports and the important requirements of home industries engaged in the production of raw materials

THE LOADING ELEVATOR OF THE NEW POTATO HARVESTER: The potatoes have left the grader and are sent up the elevator to be collected by a lorry keeping pace with the tractor

THE NEW POTATO-DIGGING AND GATHERING MACHINE GOES INTO ACTION: The equipment consists of digging section, with soil-breaker attached, a cleaning barrel and a loading elevator which will pass the potatoes into a waiting wagon. Agriculture's most urgent problem, speeding the harvesting of potatoes with the minimum of labour, has been solved by a Wargrave, Berks, inventor. He is Percival James Packman, aged forty-seven, leader of Modern Designs Ltd., who for seven years has worked to devise this potato harvester, a problem on which German industrialists are believed to have spent £250,000. Now Mr. Packman's harvester, ready after extensive trials, has received the approval of the Ministry of Agriculture, and is going into large-scale production. The harvester is capable of a day's work equal to that of a skilled gang of twenty men. Operated by only three, it saves the farmer at least £5 an acre and easily lifts 60 tons in eight hours. The machine is a complete departure from the orthodox trend of design, having no belts which are subject to excessive wear

CRANWELL—THE FRONT DOOR TO HIGH RANK

The Royal Air Force Cadet College and Its Work

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between Sandhurst and Cranwell—its R.A.F. opposite number. It is the aim of Sandhurst to turn 1,350 cadets into officers every eighteen months. Cranwell, founded in 1920, has *not yet* produced that number of officers. The actual figures at the outbreak of war, when it was closed, were 1,095 graduates, of whom 931 were active. Of these, 493 had been killed by the end of the war and 438 remained in the Service. At the moment there are about 150 cadets at Cranwell, though the ceiling is 320. Every term forty youngsters are admitted; there are three terms a year and the target is to have eight terms simultaneously, thus making 320 cadets.

At Sandhurst there are nearly 200 instructors, both military and civilian, for the 1,350 boys. At Cranwell there is a tutor for every four or six boys and a flying instructor for every three. The smaller numbers make it much easier for the Commandant and his staff to keep in direct personal touch with each aspiring pilot. The College itself is one of the finest in the country, and each boy has a room to himself. The method of reaching Cranwell differs slightly from what happens before going to Sandhurst. Boys leaving school who have passed the Civil Service Commission examination, and flying aptitude and selection tests, are sent direct to the Apprentice Wing at Cranwell, where they spend their first two terms under airman conditions, after which they move straight into the R.A.F. College itself. There is no question, therefore, of their filling in time in some unit in another part of the country with no connection with the College. Cranwell also opens its doors to specially-selected apprentices and young airmen who, while they do not have to sit for the written examination, go through the same exacting flying aptitude tests and selection tests for personal qualities; for the R.A.F. will take quality wherever it finds it, whatever the setting or the source.

An interesting post-war innovation is that a Wing of the College has been opened nearby at Digby for training young men drawn from the same three sources—schools, apprentices, and other airmen—as Equipment and Secretarial officers. This departure arises from the wartime experience of the size and complexity of administrative and supply problems. The Wing is a part of the College—it has simply been found more convenient to accommodate it separately from Cranwell itself.

Another great advantage of Cranwell is that every General Duties boy is automatically going to fly. True, it is not known for a long time whether he is going to Fighter Command, Bomber Command or Coastal Command. The fact remains, however, that he is going to fly. This means that basic training can be much more advanced than is the case at Sandhurst, where nobody knows whether a boy is going into anything from the Foot Guards to the R.A.O.C., for which reason—as I said last week—training has to be very basic indeed at the R.M.A. Cranwell cadets are also fortunate by reason of the permission granted to them to pay an extra 1s. 3d. per day for messing. This means that they are able to improve on the quality and variety of their food. Again, the course is two years and eight months, probably rising to three years; as compared with the eighteen months at Sandhurst.

In spite of these advantages there is some concern as to the future quality of the intakes. Perhaps it is the mothers of the boys who are responsible for persuading their sons to go into the Royal Navy or the Army rather than into the Royal Air Force.

Statistics show that since Cranwell was founded there have been only 27 boys from Eton; 29 from Cheltenham; 9 from Winchester; 13 from Charterhouse; 22 apiece from Marlborough and Malvern; and 8 from Harrow, although there have been no fewer than 57 from Wellington. At the moment there are two Etonians. The father of one, incidentally, is Colonel of the 60th Rifles.

It is not suggested for a moment by the R.A.F.—which has always been an all-ranks Service—that boys from the leading public schools are necessarily better than boys from grammar schools and county schools. Indeed, the senior cadet at Cranwell comes from a county school, and if he fulfils his early promise, will go a very long way indeed. Nevertheless, there is a strong feeling at Cranwell that a higher percentage of boys from the leading public schools would be desirable. To this end, the Commandant, Air Commodore R. L. R. Atcherley, C.B.E., A.F.C., the former Schneider Trophy pilot and twin brother of Air Commodore David Atcherley, D.S.O., has initiated a scheme whereby the headmasters of leading schools are invited, with their housemasters, to visit Cranwell and decide for themselves whether it would not be worth recommending it to those boys who have not yet decided on their career. Quite recently the headmasters of Harrow, Rugby and Stowe came down. It is hoped that others will also pay Cranwell a visit.

As at Sandhurst, the object is to mould the young cadet into an officer according to the Service's own high standards. One element of that training is teaching him to fly, but that is only one element and not the most important. The curriculum is designed to give him a good general education and encourage him to have as many healthy interests as possible. Cranwell goes much further than Sandhurst in this direction. The tutors know from the start that their duties and activities are by no means over with the end of term. During the three annual leave periods, which total thirteen weeks, they are liable to be called on to make up climbing parties, sailing parties, ski-ing parties, and to take conducted flying parties round Europe and later, perhaps, round the world.

As for term-time, the boys are encouraged to take up riding, hunting and shooting—quite apart from every kind of outdoor game. Officers in the R.A.F. are always certain to find themselves, by nature of their calling, in fairly remote places. It is desirable, therefore, that they should learn to enjoy country-side pursuits.

The curriculum is a blend of university methods with the conventional programme of a military academy; the aim being to turn out an officer with a general education equivalent to the second year of a university Pass Degree and professionally qualified as a pilot and in navigation—with the Service training necessary for him to take his place as a junior officer and as a foundation for a career up to air rank in the Service. This is achieved in three stages. In his first two terms in the Apprentice Wing the boy learns discipline, Service routine and such basic subjects as electricity, mathematics, English, navigation, radio and radar. He also has, among other things, nearly 200 periods in the workshops. This is followed by three terms, during which he learns elementary flying and embarks on an annual syllabus of professional subjects, such as aerodynamics and armament, and such other studies as English, history, imperial geography, and the like. The last three terms are spent on advanced flying training, during which he learns to use his aircraft as a weapon, begins to study strategy in the art of war, and is given greater freedom to study specialised subjects in his own time and in his own way.

All this naturally costs the Treasury a great deal of money, but when it is realised that each of these boys is liable to fly an aircraft costing many thousands of pounds, use weapons costing more, perhaps co-ordinating a whole war effort of millions, no expense can be too great to guarantee that the training is sound. Furthermore, each boy at Cranwell is trained with a view to his being ultimately able to take the highest command in the Air Force.

By the end of the war over ninety Cranwell boys had become Air Commodores, or better. Cranwell, in fact, is the door to membership of the Air Council, but it is a very small door indeed, and only the best can pass through it. Put it another way—Cranwell is the hub of the R.A.F. Between 1939 and 1945 the R.A.F. expanded to over 1,000,000 officers and men. This meant that each Cranwell cadet had to be the thin end of the wedge of at least twenty R.A.F. officers who came straight from civilian life. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, to discover that out of the top thirty-two schools in Great Britain, six boys go to Sandhurst for each one that goes to Cranwell.

It seems hard to believe, to one who has for years been an interested onlooker of flying in this country, that boys from these schools have not the interest in the air which their forerunners had. Here is the R.A.F. edging into the sonic barrier, one of the really great adventures of this century, battling with all the problems connected with flying faster than sound, and apparently it has not caught their imagination.

After all, if there is going to be another war—and who says there won't be one?—the R.A.F. is obviously the first line of defence and the best of the nation is wanted for it.

In some ways the R.A.F. can be regarded almost as a vocation rather than as a profession, and great emphasis is laid by the Commandant on religious services during term-time.

As at Sandhurst, there are Under Officers—it is part of their training in the art of command and man-management. But whereas at the R.M.A. the study of war has not been taken past Allenby's Campaign, the boys at Cranwell are taught all about World War II and its implications on strategy and tactics in the air.

When the boys leave Cranwell they still have several months of advanced flying to do on Spitfires, Wellingtons or Mosquitoes, followed by a further course at either a high-speed Conversion Unit or a Heavy Conversion Unit before they reach their squadron. In the meantime, they are being turned into junior officers with very high standards, soon able to take a full and effective place in front-line squadrons of the R.A.F. and capable, after further training, of rising to the most senior ranks in the Service.

THE MAIN FAÇADE, CRANWELL—THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE INAUGURATED BY LORD TRENCHARD IN 1920: The present buildings at Cranwell were completed in 1933 and are suitably imposing. Future R.A.F. officers enter Cranwell between the ages of 17½ and 19½ and form a Cadet Wing. The Wing remains together throughout training

THE DINING-HALL AT CRANWELL: One of the lofty public rooms at the celebrated College, which at the moment accommodates 150 cadets, although capable of taking 320 in an emergency. Forty new cadets are admitted each term

DANNY KAYE AT THE PALLADIUM

And Other News from Stage and Concert Platform

AMERICA'S "WONDER MAN" AT THE PALLADIUM: Danny Kaye during his performance which has drawn record crowds to London's music hall

DANNY KAYE HAS HIS AUDIENCE WELL IN HAND: The crazy comedian from Hollywood is the biggest music-hall hit for many years. The controversy as to whether or not we should spend dollars on American stage stars has been answered very definitely by the audiences at the London Palladium. Danny Kaye holds the stage for an hour and the audience is with him all the time. On his first night, the applause was so loud and long that "God Save the King" had to be played before order could be restored. Mr. Kaye uses no comic make-up but relies on the mobility of his expressions and gestures and "crazy" technique with the help only of the microphone. It has been reported that his next film will be a Ben Hecht-Charles Lederer version of Gogol's *The Inspector-General*

FASHIONS FOR PIANISTS: Eileen Joyce dresses to suit her composer's mood. After the famous pianist had changed her frock and her hair style between concertos, during a concert at the Royal Albert Hall, she explained that she could not play Grieg in a red dress. Eileen Joyce was photographed at her Oxfordshire home wearing her "Schumann" dress. She has definite ideas as to what she should wear for each composer or piece. The wear-and-tear of concert work, she says, takes a heavy toll of her wardrobe. Eileen Joyce was born in Tasmania, and at an early age was recognised as a child prodigy by Percy Grainger when he was on a visit to Australia. She revisited Australia in 1937 in the course of a brilliantly successful concert tour

NICOLETTE FLIRTS WITH THE EX-WING-COMMANDER: An amorous scene from "Mountain Air" at the Comedy Theatre. Ronald Wilkinson's play at the Comedy Theatre is a mountain airy trifle, which is well acted by an attractive cast. The humour concerns the Scot to whom everything Sassenach is necessarily inferior, and the unfortunate Swiss to whom English is double-Dutch. It is all very light-hearted and the tired business man may look upon some very charming young women in becoming clothes and in still more becoming négligés

THE EX-WING-COMMANDER ARRIVES: Enjoying the "Mountain Air" are Michael Evans as Harry, Margaret Goodman as Nicolette, Martin Miller as Dr. Hubermann, Avice Landone as Mrs. Hubermann, and Geoffrey Sumner as the ex-Wing-Commander

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

VON HASSELL AND THE NAZIS

The Diaries Reveal How Easily Germany Succumbed to the Hitler Regime

DESPITE the ruthless omnipotence of the Gestapo, it is obvious that some potent anti-Nazi forces existed and were active in Germany even at the height of Hitler's power. The plot which culminated in the abortive attempt on Hitler's life in 1944 was born of no sudden resurgence, but of a long-term understanding between certain elements in the political and military circles in Germany.

Historically, THE VON HASSELL DIARIES, 1938-1944 (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), is a most important book. In the first place, being in the form of a diary, it retains in proper perspective the mood of the moment and is, therefore, subject to no possible vagaries on the part of anyone writing in retrospect. Von Hassell himself is revealed as a man of peculiar integrity, having all the limitations and engrained prejudices of his type. He was a diplomatist of the old school and was German Ambassador in Rome before the Nazis removed him.

A melancholic pessimism, mounting at times to a crescendo of defeatism, pervades these day-to-day entries, as the power of the Nazis appears to become more and more consolidated and later garnished with their more spectacular victories early in the war.

The interest in this book is not in von Hassell himself, who lacks force in his convictions and determination in any positive sense. It is in such characters as this that the ineffectualness of the internal resistances to the Nazi regime is revealed, and it is quite easy to see how the major plot of 1944 could go wrong through lack of co-ordination as well as of purpose and of will.

Indubitably there will be many more such books, but none, I think, quite like this one. As an historical record of the first importance, it deserves its place alongside *Ciano's Diaries*.

That incorrigible Orkney-Shetlander, Major Eric Linklater, finds in THE ATLANTIC ISLANDS, by Kenneth Williamson (Collins. 16s.), a book of charming and uncommon distinction. That is very natural, but since Mr. Williamson comes from Bury, in Lancashire, it may not be inapposite for another Englishman to add a wholehearted note of praise for his book.

The Atlantic Islands is about the Faeroes, which the old fishermen still call the Faraways. Mr. Williamson was stationed there during the war, and being an enthusiastic amateur ornithologist began to find ample opportunity to pursue his interests. That he subsequently became engrossed in the ethnology as well as the archæology of the Islands is to our subsequent advantage, for all his records are carefully checked and his impressions amply documented.

There is everything in this book, from intimate close-ups of rare birds to a dramatic account of a whale-hunt.

M. J. L. Hevesi has edited a collection of six essays from the French of Proust, Valery, Sartre, and others, all of which deal with the power and significance of words. ESSAYS ON LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE (Allan Wingate. 10s. 6d.) will be of peculiar interest to all those who make a study of contemporary and recent thought in these matters, but they will also be helpful to a reader who is not necessarily in search of profundities, but who likes to keep abreast of civilised thought in what remains one of the most civilised countries in the world.

From literature to politics. Mr. E. M. Friedwald has made an examination of the political creeds of our times, and summed them up in a relatively brief and certainly lucid volume, MAN'S LAST CHOICE (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.). The author sees these creeds at variance with scientific development, and his urgent plea is for world control of the scientific weapons of war.

"Throughout history," he writes, "the progress of science has probably been the most potent factor in the evolution of mankind. To-day, with the atomic discovery, it has reached a point where we are confronted with the problem of survival. . . . There is no lack of ability to meet the challenge. All that is needed is the will to attempt it."

Mr. Arthur Hutchings, himself a musician, has written a critical biography, DELIUS (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.), which is of importance, partly for its sketch of the composer's life, but principally for its analysis of the methods, sources and inspiration of that famous figure whose early grounding in music had been at his home in Bradford, in Yorkshire, though he spent a great part of his life in a small French provincial town.

REFURBISHING THE "IRON DUKE": Chantrey's equestrian statue of Wellington in front of the Royal Exchange surrounded with scaffolding for cleaning operations. The statue was erected in 1844 after the opening by Queen Victoria of Sir William Tite's Royal Exchange building, the third to be built on the same site at the foot of Cornhill. After cleaning, the Wellington statue is to be re-bronzed

Apart from its punctuational eccentricities Peter de Polnay's THE MOOT POINT (Hutchinson. 9s. 6d.) is worth a sincere recommendation. It is true that the theme of the young and beautiful person, afflicted with lifelong deafness and dumbness and meeting an early and violent death, is reminiscent of one of the writer's earlier novels, *Boo*, but that also was a distinguished piece of work.

THE LIVING WOOD (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is an historical novel by Mr. Louis de Wohl, and has the merit of a most unusual period. The story opens in A.D. 272, with a Roman officer groping his way through the fog on an English cliff path, and falling in with the pretty and aggressive young daughter of one of the local kings. It is this Helena who, fifty years later, becomes the first British saint, after a lifetime spent under the domination of the Romans.

Mr. Monte Barrett has also written an historical novel, but with a difference. TEMPERED BLADE (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.) is the rip-roaring story of a nineteenth-century Texas character, and ends with the Battle of the Alamo, famed in Texan history. It is fast-moving stuff, and genuinely exciting, and I don't think it will do any of us any harm to know a little more about the Lone Star State.

PARIS INTERLUDE (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 6d.) is less a novel than a series of sketches, deftly observed and recorded by Miss Jeanne Gosse, who writes with great sensibility and charm, and whose love of France is as evident as it is articulate. A thread of story exists to link the incidents, but this seems less important than the authentic character of the scenes themselves, and the flavour of the city and the country that the writer has managed to convey.

Mr. Erskine Caldwell's new little novel, TRAGIC GROUND (Falcon Press. 8s. 6d.), is no exception to his own forceful and sometimes humorous rule. The story is of a boom town in the days after the wartime boom has receded from it, leaving a sparse population of casual workers, like the principal character, Spence Douthit, too lethargic to move back to his own county, and eking out some kind of existence in a shack.

With most authors, such a subject would be the signal for unmitigated gloom of treatment, but Mr. Caldwell's types are, in their sordid way, unconquerable and even funny, and it is that unexpected quality that makes them so much alive

The thriller of the week, or "suspense story," as the publishers appropriately call it, is THE SWAN SANG ONCE (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.), by Miss Marjorie Carleton, who certainly knows a good deal about conveying that feeling of suspense. It is the story of a young, good-looking and newly-married couple, with this peculiarity, that "they were man and wife and . . . they shared an even closer, more intimate relationship, the closest possible to mankind perhaps. For each intended the death of the other, and each had a suspicion of the other's intention . . ."

THE MAN WHO PAINTED "BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST"

A New Biography of the Once Much-Discussed John Martin

"John Martin's pictures reveal a greatness and a grandeur never even dreamed of by men until they first flashed with electric splendour upon the unexpecting public." This was but one extravagant eulogy paid by a contemporary to John Martin, historical and landscape painter, at the height of his fame, which came to him in 1821 with the appearance of his spectacular picture "Belshazzar's Feast," a vast architectural conception that produced an overwhelming effect upon the public. As for the critics, they fell head over heels in their rush to acclaim Martin, some of them ranking him as one of the greatest geniuses of all time. Bulwer Lytton, in a burst of youthful enthusiasm, declared: "He is more original, more dependent, than Raphael or Michel Angelo." True enough there were a few who would not join the general chorus of praise, notably Charles Lamb, and although they drew attention to Martin's obvious deficiencies in draughtsmanship and the application of colour, this did not stop his fame rising to an extravagant height. The time would now seem to be ripe to place this work in a truer perspective, but in JOHN MARTIN (Duckworth. 25s.) Thomas Balston sticks to a plain, straightforward recital of the facts. The author has beyond doubt done a service in marshalling hitherto little-known details of the artist's life, but he tends to become bogged down by all this weight of information, and is at pains to tell us that Martin's sparkling little water-colour of Stanmer Church is $4\frac{13}{16}$ x 7 ins., while another work, we are assured, is $4\frac{3}{4}$ x $7\frac{1}{8}$ ins. These numerical verities, slavishly interspersed throughout the text, make this a very difficult biography to read. Mr. Balston makes no real attempt at an appraisal of Martin's work, and that, after all, is what most of his readers will be interested in. Was John Martin the genius that his contemporaries thought him to be; or was he a charlatan, or something between the two? This man who could crowd "infinity into a given space" certainly has a place in the history of art, but we are no nearer determining his true stature than when Mary Pendred produced her life of John Martin a quarter of a century ago.

Books on art crowd upon us thick and fast these days, and one of the most elaborate, and least satisfactory, of recent productions is REMBRANDT PAINTINGS (Collins. 30s.), with an Introduction by Thomas Bodkin. The book has been printed in Amsterdam, and the reader may find good reason for the statement on page 13 that Professor Bodkin's responsibility for the book does not extend beyond the introduction. The reproductions which occupy the rest of the volume are partly in gravure and partly in colour half-tone. Those in colour nearly all suffer from over-emphasis of the yellow block, sometimes violent over-emphasis. Quite the most glaring example is "The Anatomy Lesson."

An art publication of infinitely greater value is THE GROWTH OF TWELVE MASTERPIECES (Phœnix House. 25s.), in which Charles Johnson, Official Lecturer at the National Gallery, shows how some of the world's great pictures came into being. He gives an insight into the artist's mind, showing the development of the idea and its eventual transference to canvas. Among the twelve are Constable's "The Leaping Horse," Da Vinci's "The Virgin of the Rocks," and Watteau's "The Music Party."

The special tit-bit in Anthony Weymouth's War Diaries. JOURNAL OF THE WAR YEARS AND ONE YEAR LATER (2 vols., 30s. each, Littlebury and Co.) is his reproduction of a banned broadcast by Bernard Shaw. The broadcast was to have been given by G.B.S. at a critical stage in the early days of the war, but Mr. Duff Cooper, as Minister of Information, would have none of it: "I won't have that man on the air," he declared. Taken from their context, many sentences in the broadcast are violently challenging, such as "Nine-tenths of what Mr. Hitler says is true; nine-tenths of what Sir Oswald Mosley says is true." Mr. Weymouth's day-to-day diary and his account of the people he met in the course of his broadcasting duties, gives a faithful picture of Britain at war, and while these volumes lack the authoritative note that permeated the Riddell Diaries, they certainly conjure up the atmosphere of Britain between 1939 and 1945, when, as now, in incessant labour lay the only hope for the nation.

THE PORT OF LONDON (Collins. 5s.), by John Herbert, is this week's new addition to the "Britain in Pictures" Series, now fast developing into a vast library.

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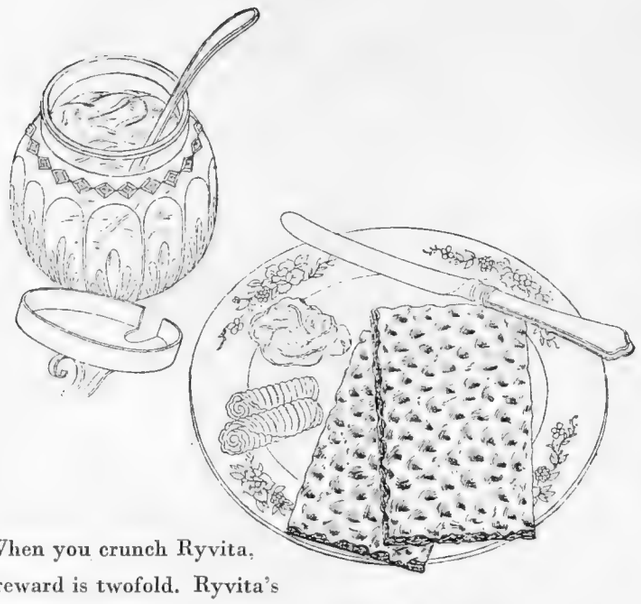

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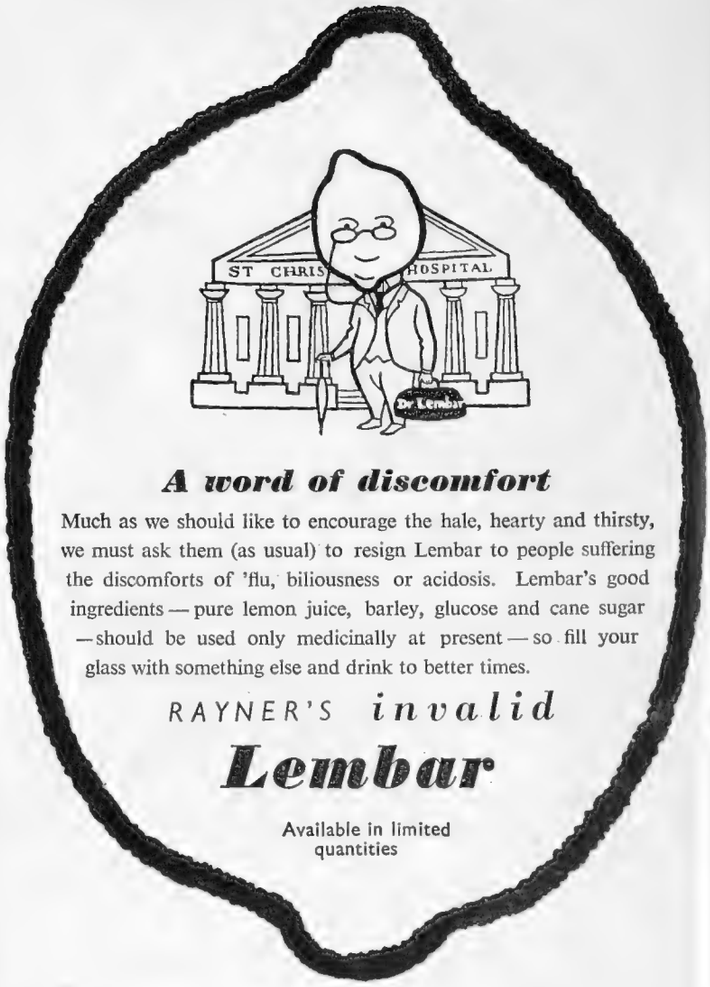

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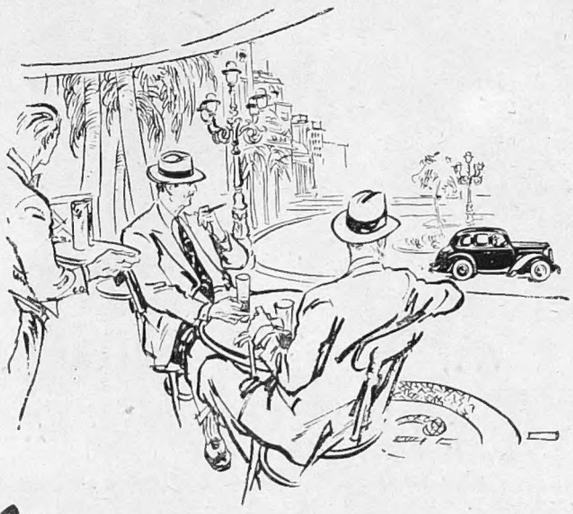

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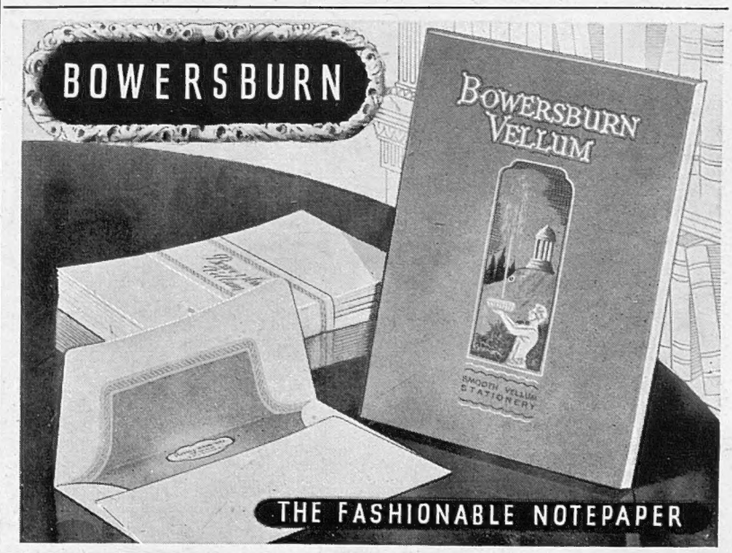

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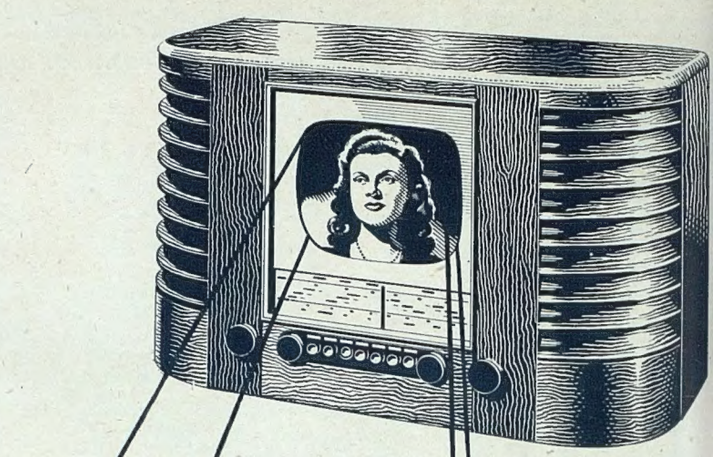

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